



POISON
IVY



DUSTY
DANE



BIG TOP



REYNOLDS
OF THE
MOUNTED



BRUCE
BLACKBURN



ZERO



MICKEY
FINN

FEATURE

COMICS



MARCH

STARRING
THE DOLL MAN



LALA PALOOZA



RANCE KEANE



SPIN SHAW



SAMAR



No. 42 · 10¢



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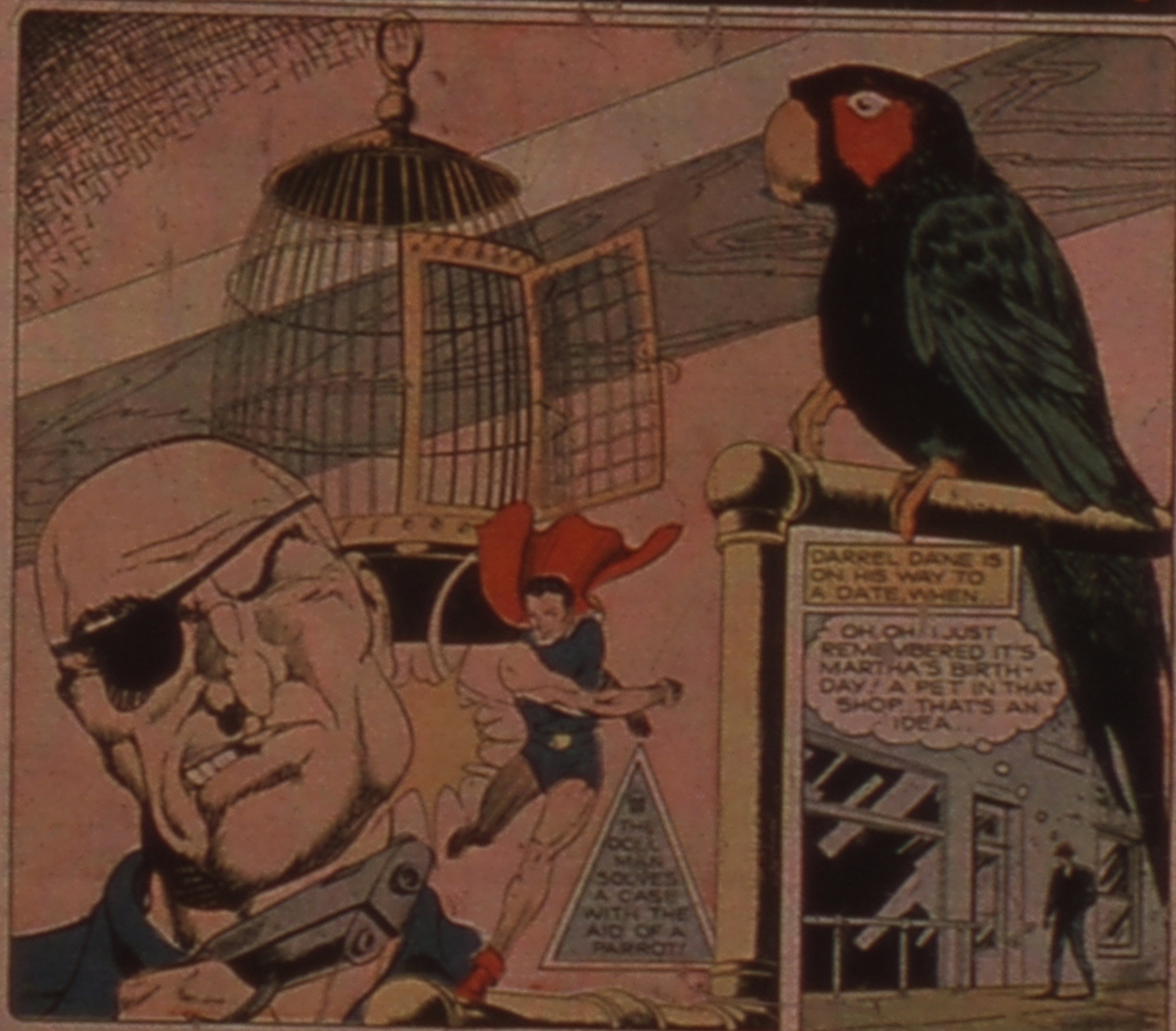
Starring The Doll Man, Lala Palooza, Spin Shaw,
Big Top, Rance Keane, Poison Ivy, Samar, Reynolds
of The Mounted, Zero, Homer Doodle and Son, Bruce
Blackburn, Rusty Ryan, Mickey Finn, Dusty Dane and
USA, The Spirit of Old Glory, **FEATURE COMICS**
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THE

BY
WILLIAM ERWIN
MAXWELL

DOLL MAN







HE'S BEEN BEATEN TO DEATH! WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS TO A HARMLESS OLD MAN?



JUST THEN A LOVELY GIRL WALKS IN THE MURDERED MAN'S DAUGHTER, JANE....



I... I TOLD HIM NOT TO STAY ALONE IN THE SHOP... POOR DAD... THERE WAS SOMEONE HE WAS AFRAID OF... OH, I WISH I HAD BEEN HERE.

DO YOU KNOW WHO IT WAS?



NO... I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA. HE WOULD NEVER TELL ME.



JANE ASKS DARREL TO BE PRESENT AT THE READING OF HER FATHER'S WILL...

I BEQUEATH THE TREASURE OF THE BLACK ALBATROSS TO MY DAUGHTER, JANE.



THERE'S YOUR MOTIVE... YOU SAID YOUR FATHER WAS A SAILOR ONCE... ONE OF HIS OLD CREW MUST HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THE TREASURE.



BACK AT THE PET SHOP....

SUPPOSE HE WAS GOING TO TELL YOU WHERE HE HAD IT HIDDEN BEFORE HIS DEATH.

IT WOULDN'T BE HERE.



JUST THEN A PARROT BEGINS TO SQUAWK...

I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU!

YOU ANCIENT SEA DOG! WHERE IS IT?



LOOK, JANE, IT'S IMITATING A MAN WITH A LIMP! DID ANY ONE-LEGGED SAILOR COME HERE OFTEN?

I THINK THERE WAS ONE.



THE SAULERS DON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM AS THE DOLL MAN DEALS HIS BLOWS.



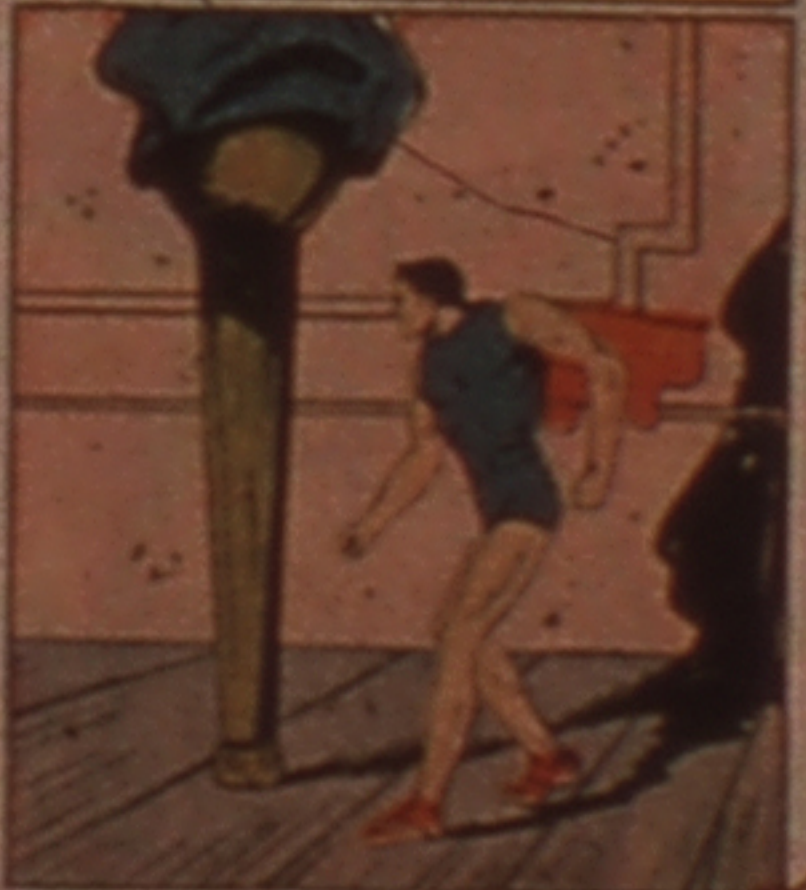
DURING THE FIGHT CAPTAIN ROCCO STOMPS OUT IN ANGER.



HE HURRIES TO THE PET SHOP.



UNKNOWN TO HIM A SMALL FIGURE HAS ENTERED WITH CAPTAIN ROCCO.



I HOPE THE OLD BIRD WON'T MIND A LITTLE COMPANY.



THIEF! ROBBER! HELP! HELP! POLICE!



QUIET, YOU BLASTED BIRD! I'LL WRING YOUR SCRAWNY NECK!



AS THE CAGE DOOR SNAPS OPEN, THE DOLLMAN LEAPS OUT WITH A BLOW TO THE CAPTAIN'S CHIN.



AS THE PARROT FLIES ABOUT, THE CAGES COME TUMBLING DOWN.



AS THE CAGES TUMBLE DOWN,
THE MONKEYS UNLATCH THE
DOOR CATCHES, AND...



BEDLAM ENSUES AS THE
ANIMALS TAKE OVER THE
PET SHOP.



WHAT'S ALL THE
NOISE IN HERE?
OH!



AH, YOU'RE
THE ONE I WANT
TO SEE... YOU
MUST KNOW
WHERE THE
TREASURE
IS.

BUT I
DON'T!



MEANWHILE THE ANIMALS
HAVE GANGED UP ON THE
DOLL MAN...



HE'S FORCED TO FIGHT
HIS WAY OUT...



I DON'T
LIKE TO SOCK
YOU, FELLA...
I'LL TRY TO PULL
MY PUNCHES.



ARF!

BUT I
GOTTA GET
OUT OF HERE...
SORRY OLD
BOY!



THE FIGHT GOES ON, AS
CAPTAIN ROCCO STAMPS
OUT AFTER THE FRIGHTENED
JANE.

I'LL MAKE
YE TALK,
WENCH!



CAPTAIN ROCCO LINGS AWAY AS FAST AS HIS LEGS WILL GO. THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL IN HIS ARMS.



THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY OUT.



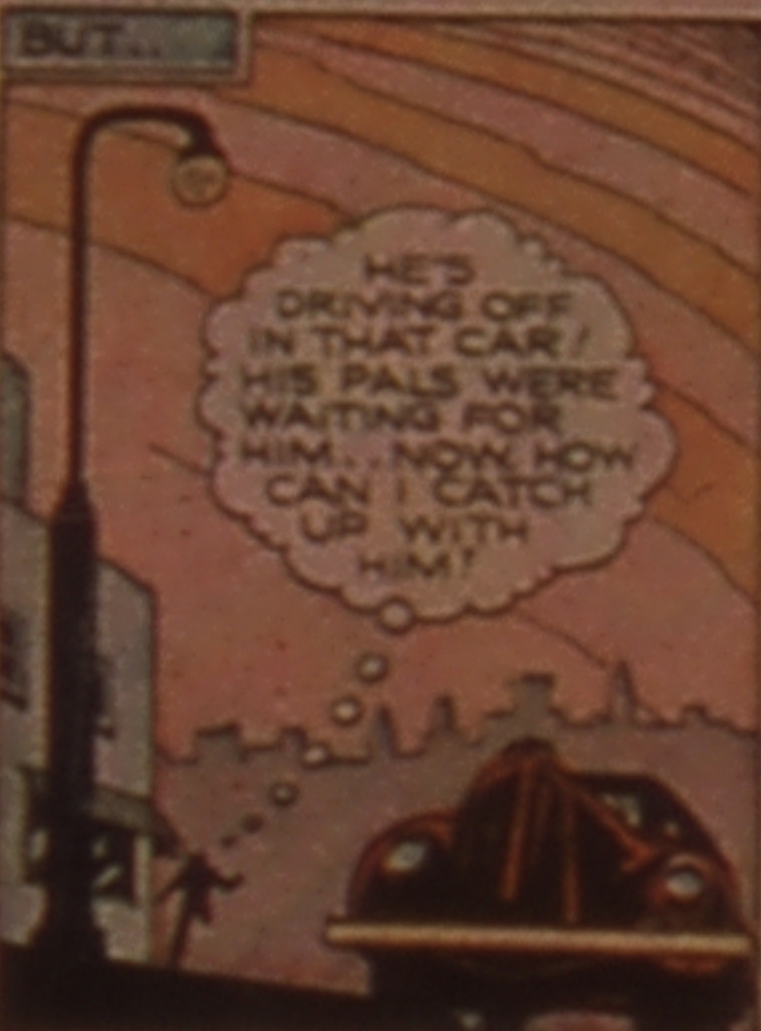
BUT AS HE LEAVES, DANE FINDS THAT HE HAS COMPANY: THE PARROT AND THE MONKEY.



DARREL DANE DASHES AFTER THE DEPARTING FIGURES.



BUT...



OH, SO YOU WANT TO FOLLOW THEM? WELL, WHY NOT? YOUR WINGS AREN'T CLIPPED!



ONCE MORE AS THE DOLL MAN HE MOUNTS THE PARROT AND SOARS ALOFT.



NICE FLYIN' POLLY, THEY CAN'T ESCAPE US NOW!



AS THE CAR STOPS, THEY LAND ON A WINDOW SILL AND



INSIDE HE SEES THE SAILORS
TERRORIZING JANE.



THE WINDOW PANE SHATTERS
AND A SMALL BOLT OF
LIGHTNING PASSES IN.



POLLY JOINS THE
FIGHT WITH SHARP
NIPS AND BATTING
WINGS...



EVEN THE
MONK ADDS
A WHACK
OR TWO...
IT'S ALL IN
THE GAME
TO HIM...



I'LL GET THAT
BLASTED BIRD
YET!



CAPTAIN ROCCO FALLS OVER
THE CHAIR AND IS DOWN FOR
THE COUNT.



YES, I KILLED
HIM, I KILLED
HIM, I KILLED
HIM!



IN COURT.

I KILLED HIM,
I KILLED HIM,
I KILLED HIM!



DARREL TAKES JANE BACK TO THE PET SHOP, WHICH LOOKS LIKE THE AFTERMATH OF A RAGING TORNADO.



AND FROM THE HIDING PLACE A SHINING STORE OF WEALTH POURS OUT ALL OVER THE FLOOR



NEXT MORNING...



AND THAT AFTERNOON AT MARTHA'S



RANCE KEANE

ALMOST 150 YEARS AGO THE PIRATE SLOOP "MERRY MARGARET" FOUNDERED OFF THE LITTLE SOUTH SEA ISLAND WHERE HARVEY TOPPING'S TREASURE EXPEDITION NOW LIES AT ANCHOR... A VOLCANIC UPRHEAVAL SUBMERGED PART OF THE COASTLINE, SO RANCE KEANE GOES DIVING FOR THE FIRST CLUE ON THE CHART...



"MERRY MARGARET! WHAT A PIECE OF LUCK! I'VE BEEN DOWN HERE LESS THAN AN HOUR, AND I'VE LOCATED THE MERRY MARGARET ALREADY!"



EXCITED OVER HIS FIND, RANCE KEANE'S CAUTION FORSAKES HIM FOR A FATAL MOMENT... HE STEPS BACK, AND HIS LEG IS CAUGHT IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP.....



MOMENTARILY PANIC-STROCKEN, RANCE BEATS SENSELESSLY AT THE GIANT CLAM, TRYING TO ESCAPE, LACERATING HIS BARE HANDS ON ITS BARNACLE-ENCRUSTED SHELL.



BUT REASON RETURNS... RANCE SNAPS ON HIS AUTOMATIC UNDERSEA TORCH.....

NOW, YOU OVERGROWN MOUSETRAP, OPEN UP OR I'LL BURN YOU TO A DEEPSEA CINDER.....



THE CLAM SNAPS OPEN... BUT BLOOD FROM RANCE'S TORN HANDS ATTRACTS MORE SINISTER MONSTERS OF THE OCEAN... DREADED BLUE FIN SHARKS



RANCE BACKS HASTILY INTO THE MERRY-MARGARET'S WRECKAGE FOR SHELTER.... THE ROTTED PLANKING GIVES WAY UNDER LEAD-WEIGHTED FEET! DOWN HE PLUNGES INTO A DEEP CREVASSE...





THE CREW TENDING ON THE DECK OF THE WHITE WING ARE THROWN INTO WILD DISMAY WHEN RANCE'S LINES COME UP... BROKEN OFF!

GREAT SCOT, PEERWEE! RANCE'S AIR HOSE! HE'S DOWN THERE WITHOUT ANY AIR!

THERE'S ABOUT FIVE MINUTES' SUPPLY LEFT IN HIS SUIT, HARVEY! GET A MAN DOWN THERE QUICK!

IT'S SUICIDE TO SEND A MAN DOWN NOW... SHARKS!

WE CAN DYNAMITE THEM SHARKS, MR. TOPPING. IT'D STUN 'EM LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET RANCE OUTA THERE!



A MINUTE LATER...

BUT WHEN THE SECOND DIVER RETURNING TO THE DECK OF THE WHITE WING...

THIS IS ALL I COULD END DOWN THERE, MR. TOPPING. ONE OF THE LEAD WEIGHTS OFF HIS FOOT!

POOR RANCE!

TERRIBLE... TERRIBLE... TO DIE DOWN THERE ALONE LIKE THAT...

MEANWHILE RANCE HIMSELF IS SHOOTING UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE CREVASSE INTO WHICH HE FELL, PROPELLED BY A TERRIFIC RISING CURRENT...

WHAT IN THE BLINKING BLUE BLAZES...?



IF I CAN KICK THIS OTHER WEIGHT OFF MY FOOT NOW, I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO PULL MYSELF OUT OF HERE....



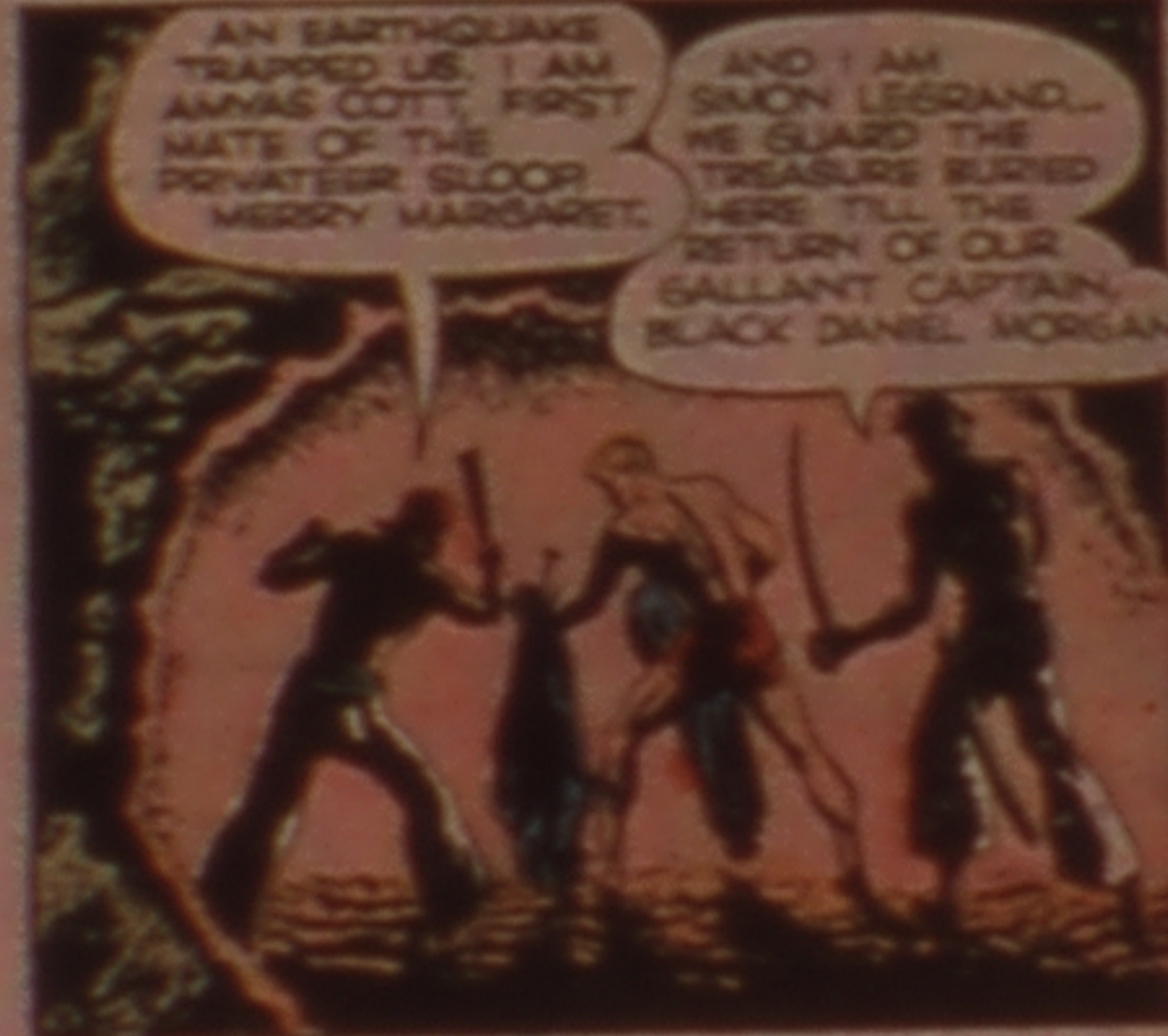
THIS DIVING SUIT CERTAINLY ISN'T GOOD FOR ANYTHING ANY MORE. I'LL HAVE TO CUT IT OFF.....

FROM A HIGH LEDGE IN THIS STRANGE RED-GLOWING UNDER-GROUND WORLD TWO WHITE-SKINNED MEN WATCH RANCE WITH PALE, EVIL EYES.....

RELAY, SIMON! WHAT STRANGE FISH HATH THE DEVIL'S CAULDRON THROWN OUT NOW?

IT HATH THE BODY OF A MAN, ANNA, BUT THE HEAD OF A MONSTER... WE HAD BEST DESTROY IT... AT ONCE!





RANCE IS FORCED TO GO THROUGH AN OPENING ONTO THE NARROW RIM ABOVE AN ABYSS FULL OF MOLTEN LAVA.....



I'LL BE A BLACKENED CRISP IN NO TIME IF I DON'T WORK FAST!

HE CAPS A SMALL BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE, BROUGHT ALONG ORIGINALLY TO BLAST HIS WAY INTO THE HULL OF THE MERRY MARGARET... HE LIGHTS THE FUSE... HURLS THE BUNDLE INTO THE CORE OF THE BLAZING VOLCANO... THEN HE DUCKS BEHIND A LEDGE...



BEHOLD! THE DEMON VANISHES IN BURSTING FLAME!



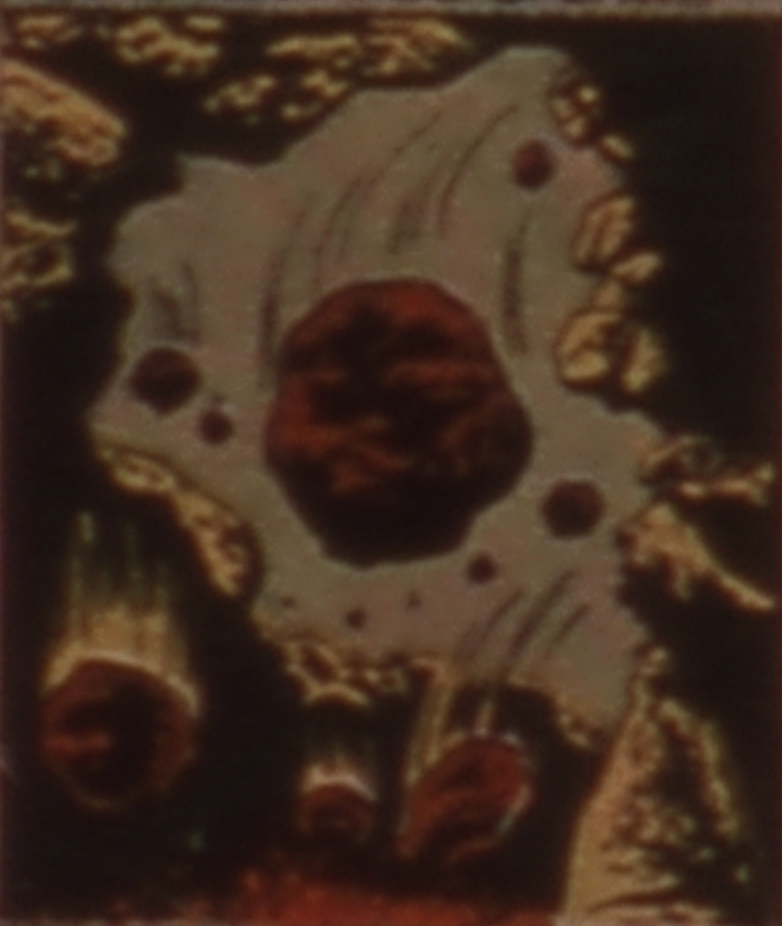
SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW BOYS, YOU'RE IN FOR THE SURPRISE OF YOUR LONG LIVES, ONCE I SET THIS TORCH LIT...



FLIE FOR YOUR LIFE, AMYAS!

THE ARCHFIEND RETURNS FROM THE FIRES! WE ARE LOST!!

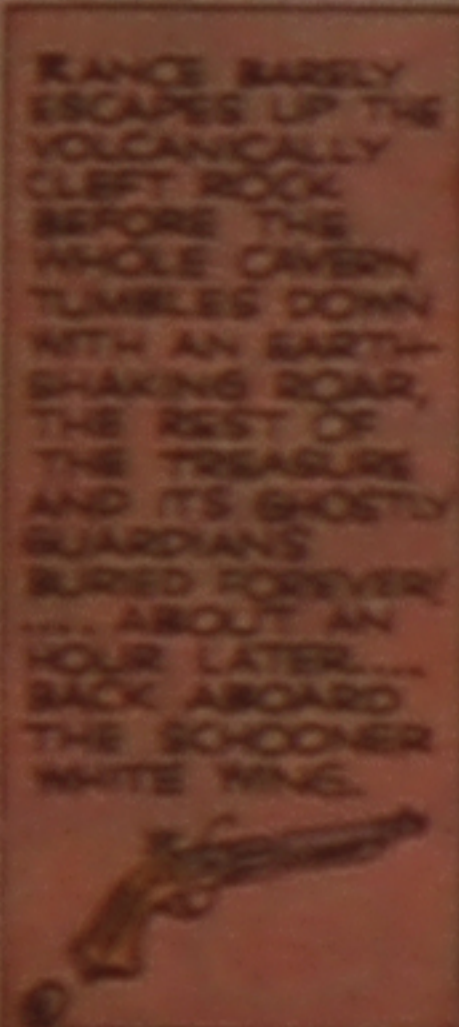
LOST INDEED! RANCE'S FLUNG DYNAMITE CRACKS THE SURFACE OF THE SLUMBERING VOLCANIC PIT... AN OMINOUS RUMBLE ROLLS THROUGH THE VAST CAVERNS... GREAT CRACKS REND THE CAVERN WIDE OPEN....



SUNLIGHT STREAMS INTO THE CAVERN THROUGH ONE OF THE OPENINGS.....



JUPITER! A FORTUNE IN SPANISH DOUBLOONS AND ME WITH SECONDS BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!... I'LL HAVE TO GRAB A COUPLE POCKETFUL IF I DIE FOR IT!



RANCE BARELY ESCAPES UP THE VOLCANICALLY CLEFT ROCK BEFORE THE WHOLE CAVERN TUMBLES DOWN WITH AN EARTH-SHAKING ROAR, THE REST OF THE TREASURE AND ITS GHOSTLY GUARDIANS BURIED FOREVER!... ABOUT AN HOUR LATER... BACK ABOARD THE SCHOONER WHITE WING.



THESE GOLD DOUBLOONS ARE ALL THE PROOF I HAVE, PEEWEE!



... WHAT KEPT THOSE TWO PIRATES ALIVE 150 YEARS I DON'T KNOW... SOME CHEMICAL PRESERVATIVE FROM THE HOT VOLCANO MAYBE... ANYWAY, NOBODY'LL EVER SEE THEM OR THAT TREASURE AGAIN!

IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT, RANCE... ALL THAT GOLD BURNED UP!



BIG TOP

WHERE'S BUTCH?
WE'RE GONNA GET SOME INSURANCE!

INSURANCE?
WHY ARE YOU GETTIN' INSURED, BUTCH?

'CAUSE IF I HAVE AN ACCIDENT, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO DO OUR ACT ALONE!

HERE'S YOUR POLICY, BUTCH—NOW, IF YOU'RE HURT IN AN ACCIDENT AND UNABLE TO DO YOUR ACT—SLIM WILL COLLECT \$50 A WEEK!

THAT'S A SWELL IDEA, BUTCH!

SURE—YOU'D BE OUTTA LUCK IF I HAD AN ACCIDENT—

HOH?

GOSH SLIM! ARE Y' HURT?

I DUNNO YET!

KLUK

SPLASH

BOLLY, SLIM! — — — INSIDE OF FIVE MINUTES YOU'VE HAD THREE ACCIDENTS!

BUT I'M THE ONE WHO'S INSURED — — COME ON, WE'RE GONNA HAVE THAT POLICY CHANGED!

O K, BOYS, I'VE CHANGED IT — NOW, IF SLIM IS INJURED IN AN ACCIDENT, BUTCH WILL RECEIVE THE PAYMENTS!

YOU'RE INSURED NOW, SLIM — NOTHIN' HAPPENS TO —

...ME!

BIG TOP



GOSH—I WISH I COULD FIND SOME WAY TO PASS THE TIME BETWEEN SHOWS—

MAYBE THE PITCH MEN WILL TEACH ME THAT GAME THEY PLAY OVER IN THE COOK TENT!

W'D, FELLAS—HOW'S FOR TEACHIN' ME THE GAME?

WILL WE?

OH BOY! AND HOW!



FEED THE KITTY!

JUDSE DUFFY!

HOBOKEN STRAIGHT!

BULLETS!

WHEN Y'GET SOME MORE DOUGH—WE'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER LESSON!

OW! TWO WEEKS' SALARY SHOT!

WHAT? Y'CAN'T FIND IT?

NO, BOSS—I CAN'T FIND IT!



DANGONE! EVERY-TIME WE WANT TO PLAY—IT'S MISSING!

WAIT A MINUTE, BOSS—LOOK!



SAY, BUTCH—HOW'D Y'LIKE T'PLAY A GAME OF CHESS?

I DON'T KNOW HOW!

BUT WE'LL TEACH YOU—THE WILD MAN FROM BORNEO IS GONNA PLAY WITH US!

BUT I THOUGHT ONLY TWO PEOPLE CAN PLAY CHESS, BOSS—



WELL—FOR THIS PARTICULAR GAME, WE NEED YOU TOO!



I KNEW THERE WAS A CATCH TO IT!

YOUR MOVE, RADCLIFF!

QUIT WIGGLING, BUTCH!

Introducing

BY
MARRICE
GOTWORTH



MANY YEARS LATER IN AN OLD CEMETERY IN PHILADELPHIA



THEN IN A VAPOR ARISING FROM THE LOCKET



TRUE TO THE PROPHECY USA THE SPIRIT OF OLD GLORY IS RELEASED



CURIOUS LISA ENTERS A SCHOOL WHERE CHILDREN BEGIN THEIR DAY

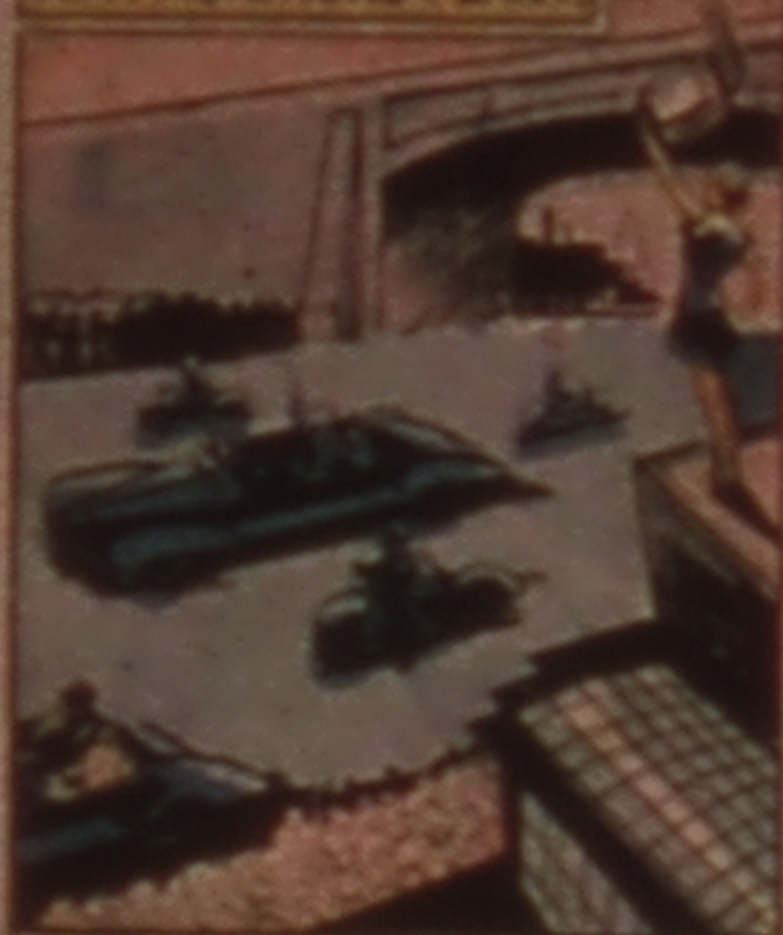




BACK IN AMERICA UNSEEN EYES FOLLOW THE TEACHER AS USA LEAVES.



THE NEXT DAY A VAST CROWD
AWAITS THE PRESIDENT'S ARRIVAL
AT A MUNITIONS PLANT.



A SWARTHY MAN HOLDS AN
OBJECT IN HIS HAND...



IT'S OUR LEADER'S
WISH - SO DO YOUR
DUTY, BLACK BEAUTY -
YOU CAN'T
MISS!

USA'S FLAG WARNS HER OF
THE IMPENDING DANGER...



THE FLAG DROOPS AGAIN.
THE PRESIDENT IS
IN DANGER!

A MOMENT LATER THE BOMB
HEADS FOR THE PRESIDENT
AND HIS COMPANION...

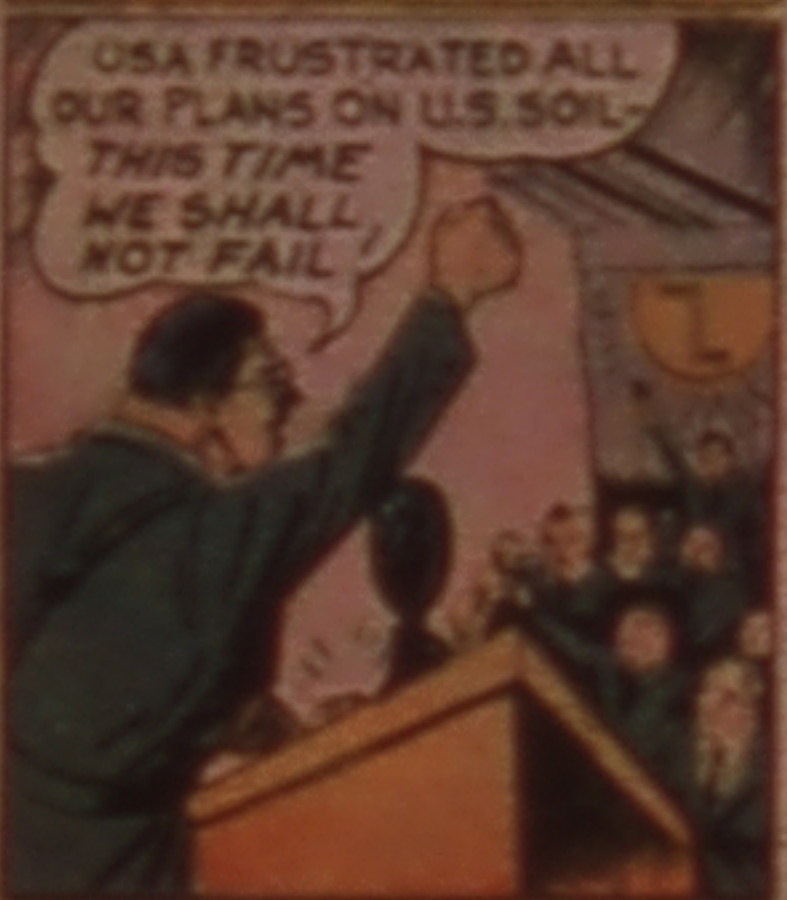


USA DROPS THE FLAG AND
TORCH OVER THE PRESIDENT.



AGAIN YOU HAVE
SERVED WELL,
FAITHFUL
SYMBOLS!

THAT NIGHT, OTTO FLUGER,
MASTER MIND BEHIND ALL
PLOTS, MEETS HIS AGENTS.



USA FRUSTRATED ALL
OUR PLANS ON U.S. SOIL -
THIS TIME
WE SHALL
NOT FAIL!

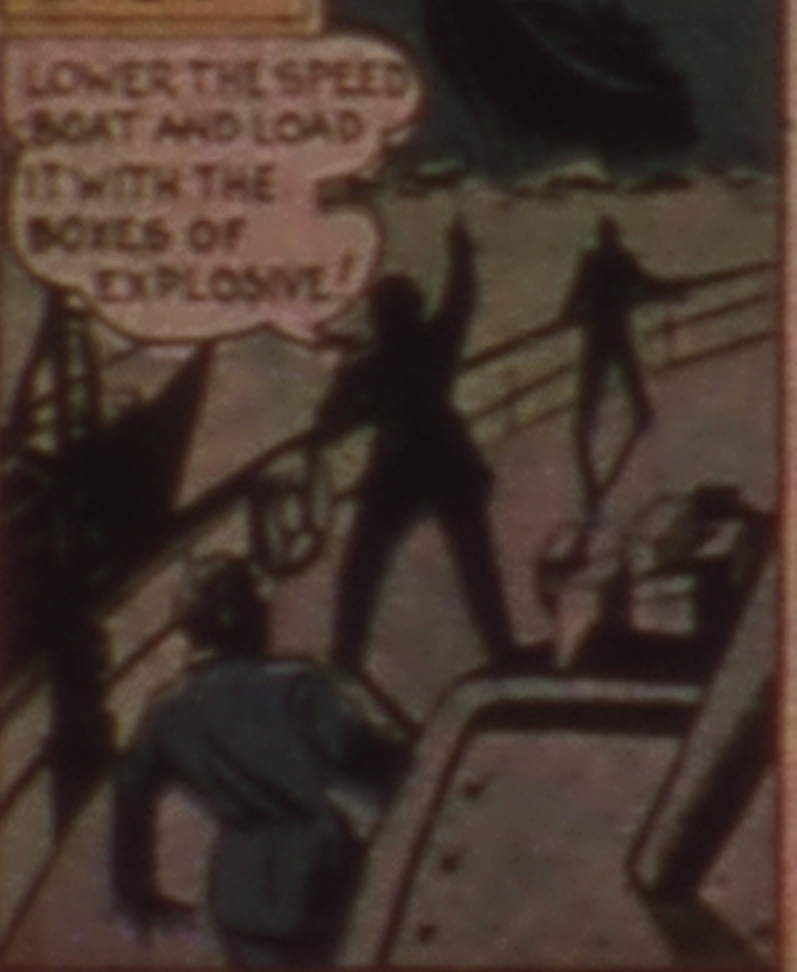
WE SHALL
SINK THE
"ALTHEA"
WITH COL.
NORTH AND
HIS REPORT
ON US!



LOADED WITH
A DEADLY
CARGO, THE
SABOTEURS
SET OUT!



SOME HOURS
LATER.



LOWER THE SPEED
BOAT AND LOAD
IT WITH THE
BOXES OF
EXPLOSIVE!

THEY QUICKLY UNLOAD THEIR CARGO INTO THE SMALL CRAFT.



THIS IS THE LAST ONE, MEN. GET BACK TO THE YACHT! LET THE SPEED-BOAT LOOSE!



THERE SHE GOES! AND AMERICA WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON OUTSIDE HER SHORES!

THE WIND SUBSIDES. THE FLAG DROOPS... USA, HIGH ON TOP OF THE ALTHEA, SEES THE BOAT APPROACH.



EVEN OUR OCEAN IS FULL OF TRAITORS!



I MUST STOP THAT BOAT!

THE MAGIC POWER OF USA'S TORCH STOPS THE SPEED-BOAT IN ITS COURSE.



THIS TORCH WILL SEND YOU BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM!



TRAITORS! YOUR OWN DEADLY WEAPON WILL DESTROY YOU!



JA-A-A-- IT'S USA! WE'RE S-SUNK!



MERCY! HAVE MERCY- WE'VE BEEN FOOLS!

YES! AND ALL OTHERS WHO DEFY MY FLAG AND TORCH WILL SUFFER YOUR FATE!



AND ONCE AGAIN USA, THE NEW PROTECTOR OF AMERICA, WILL FIGHT INJUSTICE IN THE NEXT ISSUE.



A PREVIEW GUMMPSE INTO THE FUTURE GIVES THE GHOST BREAKER DETECTIVE A CHANCE TO MEET SOME GHOSTS OF TOMORROW AND LEARN THEREBY THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

ZERO VISITS HIS FRIEND AND FELLOW OCCULTIST, DR. POTSAM



I'VE SEEN A LOT OF MYSTICISM, DOCTOR, BUT TIME TRAVEL? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

I SEE THAT I HAVE TO CONVINCE YOU, ZERO!

ZERO FOLLOWS THE DOCTOR INTO HIS LAB.



THIS MACHINE CARRIES YOU BY MEANS OF OCCULT ETHER WAVES THROUGH TIME AND SPACE. YOU CAN FIRST SEE AND THEN LIVE TEMPORARILY REINCARNATED IN THE DISTANT FUTURE!



DO YOU SEE THAT PICTURE ON MY SCREEN? WATCH CLOSELY. YOU WILL SEE THE VIBRATIONS OF YOUR FUTURE REINCARNATION. SOON YOU WILL ENTER THAT UNBORN ERA!

STRANGE... I FEEL DRAWN INTO THAT SCENE NOW!

A MYSTERIOUS HUMAN ENVELOPS THE LAB. ZERO IS DRAWN INTO A SPACE VACUUM.



TO BE SET DOWN IN A LARGE BODY OF WATER BY THE SIDE OF A LOVELY GIRL.



HELP! THE MARTIANS ARE AFTER ME!



ZERO'S TRANSITION TO THE FUTURE HAS GIVEN HIM THE MYSTIC POWERS OF BOTH AGES. HE RAISES HIS FIST... THE ON-RUSHING SPEED-BOAT RECOILS, THEN CAPSIZES FROM THE JOLT.



ZERO QUICKLY DISPOSES OF THE MARTIANS, AS HE TAKES OVER THEIR CRAFT.

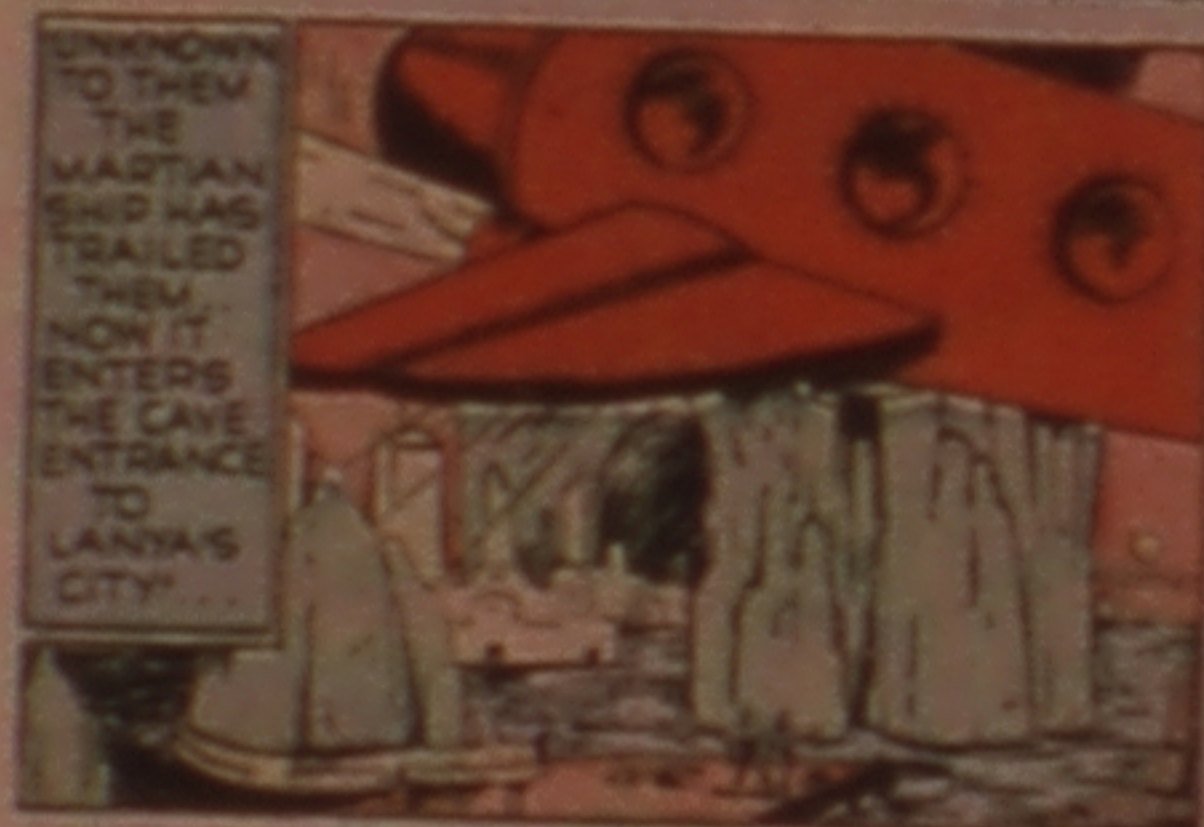


THE GIRL LANYA DIRECTS ZERO TO THE UNDERGROUND CITY WHERE HER PEOPLE ARE FORCED TO DWELL.



MEANWHILE THE AIRSHIP OF MOOUP, PRINCE OF MARS, TRAILS THE FUGITIVES.





SWIFTLY LASSOING THE SHIP BY THE RUDDER, ZERO CLIMBS THE DANGLING ROPE TO THE ALIEN KILLERS.

THE GHOST DETECTIVE SMASHES A PORTHOLE TO ENTER THE MARTIAN SHIP.



IMMEDIATELY
BESET BY
HOWLING
MARTIANS,
ZERO
DODGES
TO THE
NEAREST
RAY GUN.
CAREFULLY
HE AIMS
IT AT HIS
PURSUERS.

HERE'S A TASTE
OF YOUR OWN
MEDICINE!

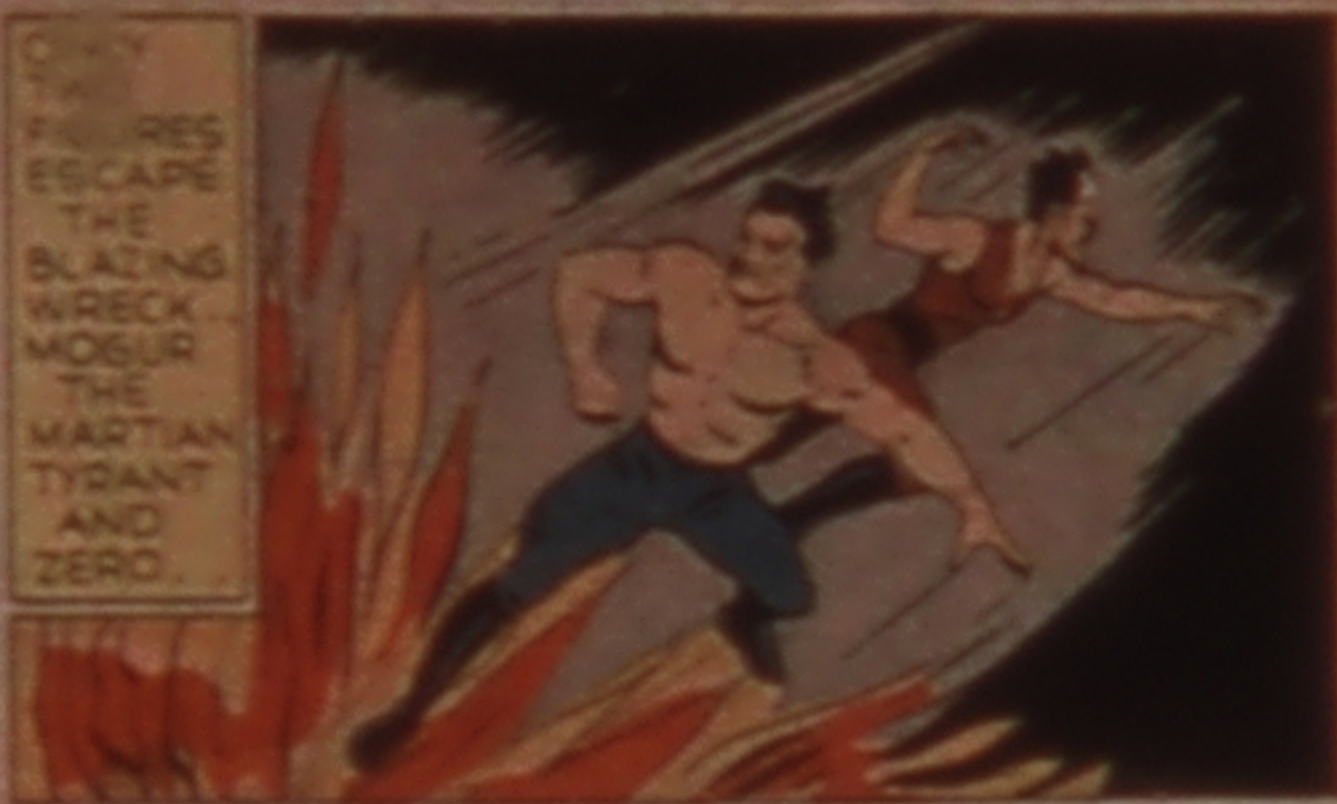
KILL HIM!
KILL THE
EARTHMAN!

THE HEAT IS STIFLING... STILL
ZERO STOKES TO THE JOB
AT HAND.

THAT'S STOPPING
THEM, PHW!
TALK ABOUT
HADES! IT'S SURE
HOTTER
HERE!

THE POWERFUL RAY WITHERS THE SHIP'S
HULL. COMPLETELY UNCONTROLLED, IT
HURTTLES TO DESTRUCTION.

ONLY
TWO
FIGURES
ESCAPE
THE
BLAZING
WRECK.
MOGUR
THE
MARTIAN
TYRANT
AND
ZERO.



MOGUR LANDS
ON THE DOCK
OF THE
UNDERGROUND
CITY, WHERE
LANYA
PROMPTLY
ATTACKS
HIM WITH
FURIOUS
BLOWS.



HOWEVER MOGUR IS STRONGER. BRUTALLY HE
THROWS LANYA TO THE FLOOR AND JUMPS
ONTO A SPEED-BOAT TIED TO THE DOCK.



NOW I'LL BLOW
UP THEIR
POWER PLANT!

LANYA! ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED?

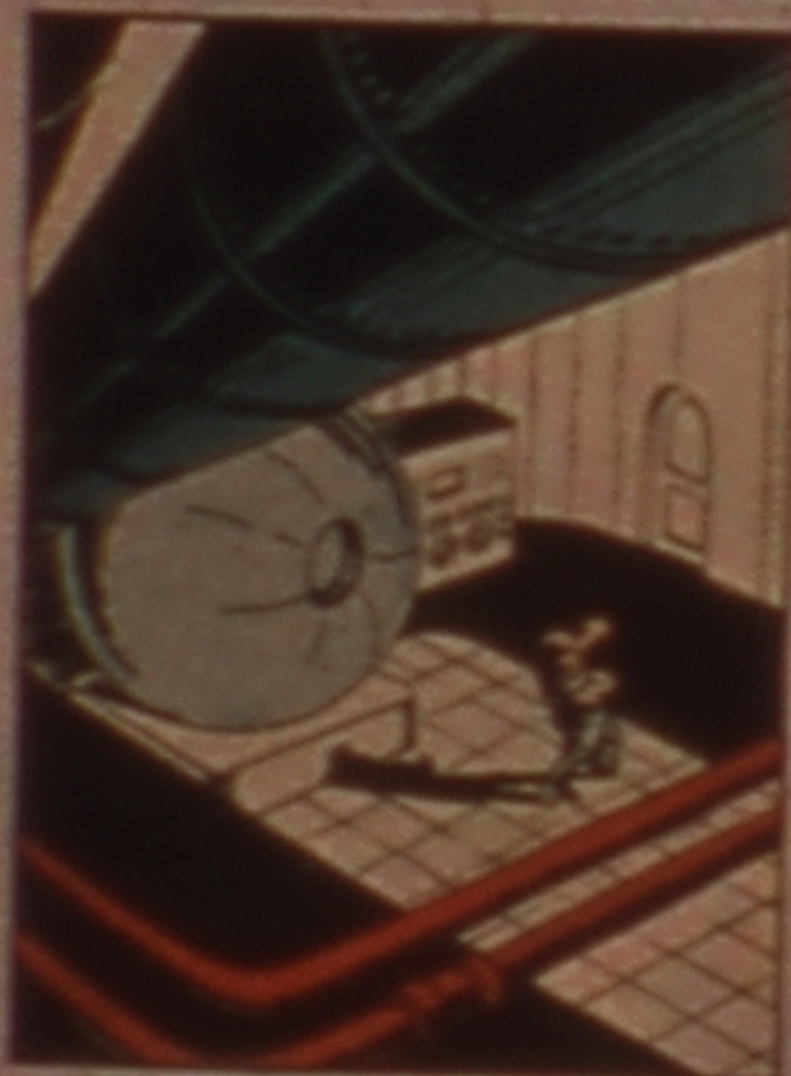
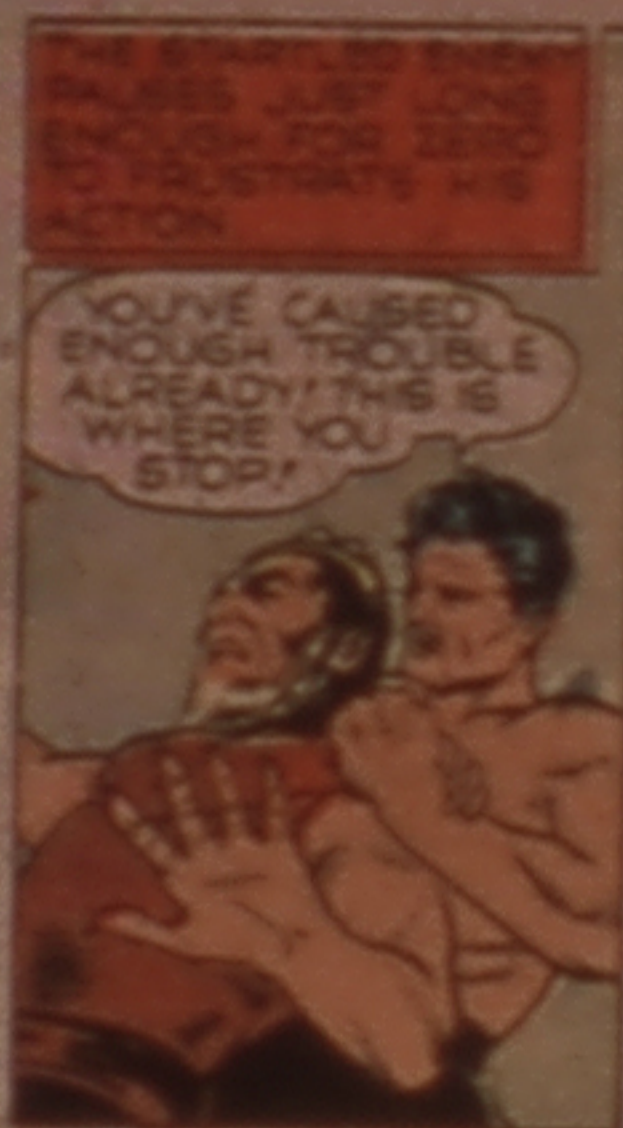
MOGUR... I TRIED TO
STOP HIM! HE'S HEADED
FOR OUR POWER PLANT.
IF THAT IS WRECKED, THE
CAVERN WALLS WILL
COLLAPSE AND MY CITY
WILL BE RUINED!
ZERO, WHAT CAN
WE DO?



ZERO SPRINGS TO INSTANT ACTION!

WE CAN DO PLENTY!
HE WON'T HARM
YOUR
CITY!





MOSUR SNARLS IN RAGE HE SNATCHES A SHARP TOOL FROM THE WALL.



WITH THE MARTIAN SUBDUED, ZERO AGAIN TURNING TO LANYA.

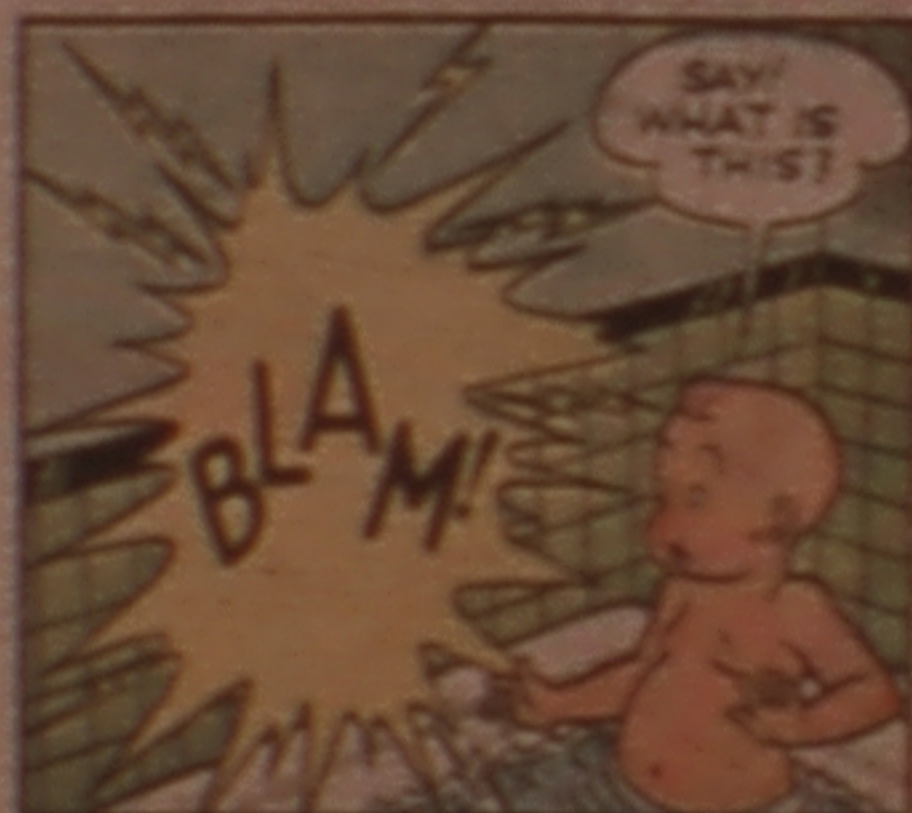


POISON IVY

THE
MIGHTY
MITE

BY BILL FOX

SINGIN'
IN TH'
BATH-
TUB...



SAY!
WHAT IS
THIS?



OOPS PARDON ME.
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU
WERE TAKING A
BATH!

H-HOW'D
YOU GET IN
TH' TUB WITH
ME?



I'M SORRY, BUT Y'SEE
I'M A SCIENTIST.
THIS CONTRAPTION ON
MY BACK IS A TIME
MACHINE. IT ALSO
TAKES ME WHERE-
EVER I WANT TO
GO!



I THOUGHT THAT YOU BEING THE
STRONGEST GUY IN THE WORLD
WOULD LIKE TO TAKE A TRIP
BACK THRU TIME
AND GIVE EVERY
FAMOUS VILLAIN
A GOOD LICKING!



POISON GETS DRESSED.

THAT'S A SWELL
IDEA! STRAP
IT ON ME
AND I'LL
GET GOIN'!



THE DIAL IS SET FOR 1876.
YOUR FIRST VICTIM IS CHIEF
SITTING BULL/AFTER HIM
YOU CAN PICK YOUR OWN
VICTIMS!

AN INDIAN
CHIEF,
GOSH!



WE WILL ATTACK
GENERAL CUSTER
AT ONCE!

BLAM!

BACK IN
THE YEAR 1876



LISTEN, BULL TH' ONLY
"LAST STAND" CUSTER
IS GONNA MAKE. IS
ONE YA KIN BUY
FRANKFURTERS
AT...SEE?



PULL A TOMAHAWK
ON ME,
WILL YA?

CRUNCH!



DUSTY DANE



DUSTY DANE AND BIG MIKE CARDIGAN, ADVENTURERS EXTRAORDINARY, ARE BECALMED SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.



FOUR DAYS WITHOUT ANY WIND... AND OUR WATER'S GONE... LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE TRAIL, MIKE!



IF THE BREEZE WOULD PICK UP WE COULD MAKE IT TO BLEAK ISLE... MAYBE WE COULD FIND WATER THERE!



AT LAST THE SCORCHING SUN GOES DOWN AND ALL IS SILENT ABOARD THE BOAT...



SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF SLAPPING SAILS AROUSES DUSTY...

MIKE! WAKE UP... THE CALM'S OVER!



UNDER FULL SAIL THE SCHOONER SPEEDS TOWARD BLEAK ISLE.



HEAVE OUT THE ANCHOR AND WE'LL GO ASHORE!

THERE IT IS, DUSTY!



WATER!

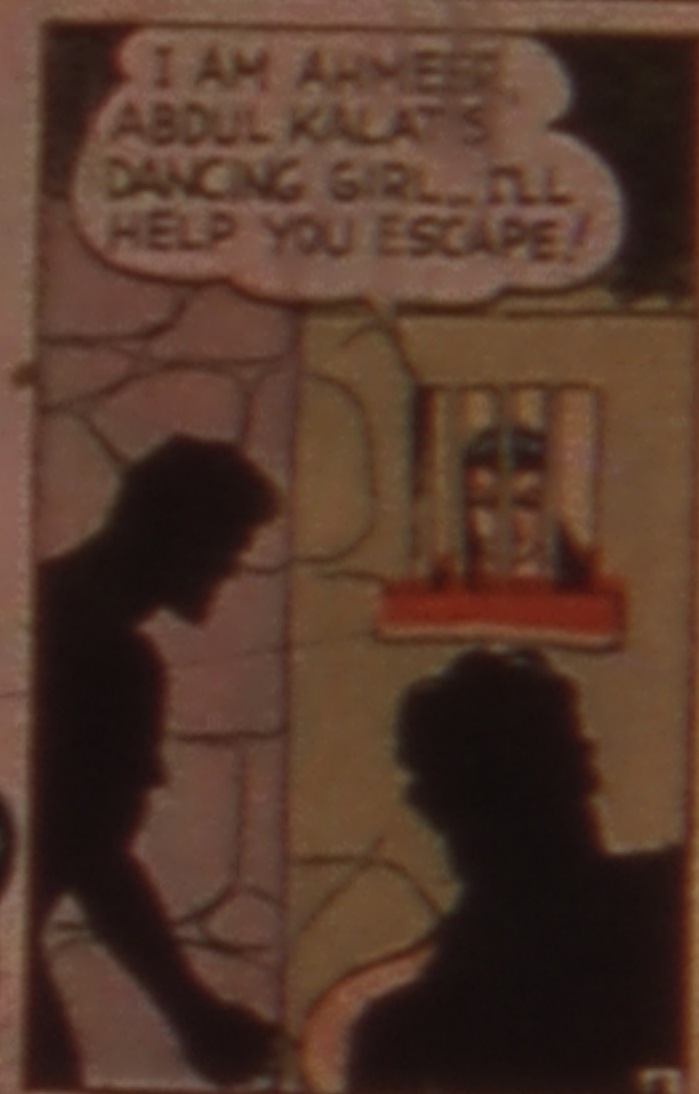


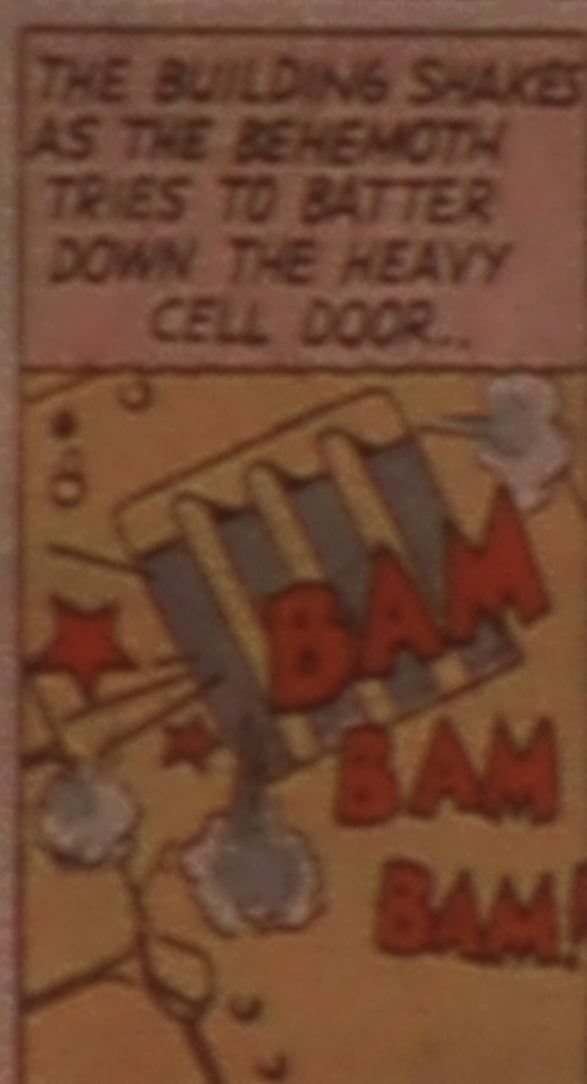
WITHOUT WARNING, A MAMMOTH BLACK FIGURE TOWERS OVER THEM...

HEY, MIKE! LOOK!

GLUB... GLUB... HUH?







AND WITH A THUNDEROUS
CRASH THE CELL COLLAPSES



THAT
WAS KNOWN
AS BRINGING
DOWN
THE HOUSE!
MAYBE
WE CAN
MAKE
YOUR
BOAT
BEFORE
THEY...



DUSTY! OUR
TUB... IT'S
BURNED TO
A CINDER!
WHAT'LL WE
DO NOW?



SIMPLE!
WE'LL
TAKE
THEIRS!

THERE'S ABDUL
KALAT'S SCOW!
HE'S GETTING READY
FOR A SLAVE RAID!



IT'LL BE A SLAVE
RAID, ALRIGHT! BUT
NOT THE KIND
HE'S LOOKING
FOR! COME ON,
MIKE!



SOON KALAT'S
DECK HEAVES WITH
ACTION AS TWO
FIGHTING FOOLS CLEAN
HOUSE!



TAG!
YOU'RE IT!

THE FIGHT BRINGS
ABDUL KALAT TO
THE DECK...



SAY...
WHA...?

YEAH
WHA!
I'LL SHOW
YA WHA!

THERE! TAKE YOUR
YEARLY BATH
WHETHER YOU NEED
IT OR NOT!



THE BOAT PUTS
OUT TO SEA...

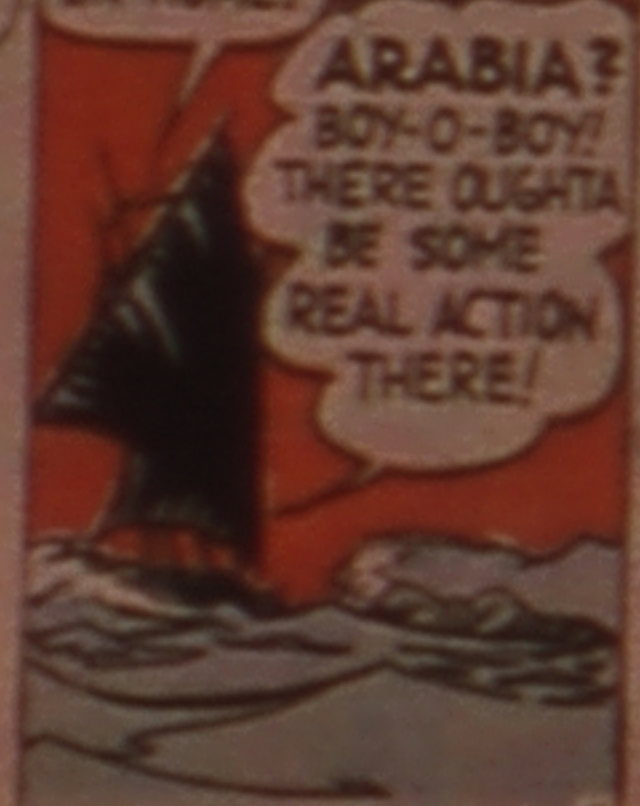
HOW DID YOU
EVER GET
MIXED UP WITH
KALAT, AHMEER?



MY FATHER EXPOSED
ABDUL KALAT'S SLAVE
RING, AND FORCED HIM
TO LEAVE ARABIA! HE
KIDNAPEd ME... AND
BROUGHT ME HERE
FOR REVENGE!



WELL, MIKE, SET OUR
COURSE FOR ARABIA...
WE'LL RUN THE MAID-
EN HOME!



ARABIA?
BOY-O-BOY!
THERE OUGHTA
BE SOME
REAL ACTION
THERE!

Lala Palooza

ON YOUR WAY HOME,
VINCENT, STOP
AND GET ME
A BOTTLE OF
VANILLA!



Lala Palooza



GHOSTS
DON'T
USE GUNS

Captain
BRUCE

BLACKBURN

COUNTERSPY

HARRY FRANKS
CAMPBELL

HOW DOES THAT
POISONOUS BAND,
JACKSON?

I'M TAKING
YOUR PLACE
ALL RIGHT,
BRUCE-

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF ARMY
INTELLIGENCE, IS OFFICIALLY DEAD...WHEN
HE GOES INTO ACTION HIS PLACE IS
TAKEN BY JACKSON, HIS DOUBLE, MADE
SO BY PLASTIC SURGERY

BUT THERE'S SOME SORT OF
A PLOT AFOOT TO CAUSE
A DIPLOMATIC BREAK BETWEEN
ANGOLIA AND THE UNITED
STATES.

THANKS! I'M
ON MY WAY TO
WASHINGTON,
JACKSON (COME
ON, GURK!)

IN A WASHINGTON-BOUND PLANE,

SUCH A BREAK WOULD BE
DISASTROUS AT THIS TIME!
WONDER WHAT THE
SCHEME IS, GURK?

NO IDEA
CAPTAIN

AND IN THE OFFICE OF
COLONEL JORDAN, MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE CHIEF

SPEAK OF THE
DEVIL, BRUCE,
I WAS GOING TO
SEND FOR YOU!

ABOUT A PLOT
TO CAUSE US
TROUBLE WITH
ANGOLIA,
COLONEL?

EXACTLY. SAY HOW DID YOU
KNOW? LOOK AT THIS NEWS
RELEASE!

SO THE ANGOLIAN LEGATION
WAS BLOWN UP BY AN
AMERICAN BOMBER, EH!

EXCEPT IT
DIDN'T HAPPEN
THAT WAS AN AD-
VANCE RELEASE,
MAILED BY
MISTAKE!

LOOK INTO IT, BRUCE! I'VE
RENTED A HOUSE NEXT TO
THEIR LEGATION IN EMBASSY
ROW! YOU AND GURK MOVE
IN... NOW!

WE GONNA LIVE THERE,
CAPTAIN? LOOKS OLD
AND SPOOKY TO ME!

BE YOUR
AGE, GURK!

QUITE A LOCATION, BETWEEN
THE ANGOLIAN AND PRUSSORIAN
LEGATIONS! AND I THINK THE
PRUSSORIANS ARE BEHIND
THIS LATEST MOVE!

ME TOO!

AT THE HOUSE IN
EMBASSY ROW...

LATER, IN THE HOUSE -

CAPTAIN! I CAN'T GET A
COLDRED BOY TO CLEAN
THIS HOUSE! THEY ALL SAY IT'S
HAUNTED!

YOU DON'T
BELIEVE THAT,
DO YOU,
GURK?

WELL, I DUNNO, CAPTAIN!
MY MOTHER SAW A BANSHEE
ONCE, AND THIS DUMP LOOKS
SPOOKY!

BOSH, GURK!

AND THAT NIGHT -

I'M GOING TO BED - SAY,
WHAT'S THAT CROSS ON
YOUR DOOR FOR, GURK?

TO KEEP OUT
GHOSTS, CAPTAIN!

WHO'S THERE! A DEPARTED
SPIRIT! FLEE,
WHILE
THERE IS
TIME!

MIDNIGHT AND A
GROAN WAKES BRUCE

FLEE NOTHING! YOU
STAND STILL, WHILE I
LOOK YOU OVER!

THE GHOST DRAWS
A GUN, FIRES AND
MISSES.

SO THAT'S
HOW IT
IS!

BRUCE FOLLOWS THROUGH
THE ROOMS SINGLE DOOR.

WELL, I'LL BE...
EMPTY!

CAP'N! WHAT YOU
SHOOTIN' AT?

A GHOST!

A G-B-GHOST?

YES, BUT
QUIT SHAKING!
LOOK AT THOSE
STAINS! GHOSTS
DON'T BLEED!
I WINGED
HIM.

SOMEBODY AND IT'S NO
SPOOK, IS MIGHTY ANXIOUS
TO GET US OUT OF
HERE! AND I KNOW WHY!

THE NEXT MORNING -

GURK, THAT MAN I WOUNDED
RAN INTO *THIS ROOM*. I
FOLLOWED, AND HE WAS GONE!
THE ONLY ANSWER IS - A
SECRET PASSAGE! LET'S
FIND IT!



GOT IT! - GURK! THIS ONE
SOUNDS *HOLLOW!* GET AN
AXE!



AN HOUR LATER,

HOLY SMOKE, A FLIGHT OF
STEPS LEADING DOWN!



THAT'S JUST
WHERE WE'RE
GOING!

THE PASSAGE ENDS IN
AN ABANDONED SEWER -

THIS IS HOW OUR GHOST
GOT IN AND OUT!



WHERE THERE'S ONE
PASSAGE, THERE MAY
BE MORE. LET'S
LOOK!



GURK! HERE'S ANOTHER
SECRET PASSAGE! COME ON!

BOSH, WHAT
A HOUSE!

AFTER AN HOUR'S SEARCH
OF THE MUSTY BASEMENT,



GET IT, GURK? THIS TUNNEL
PASSES UNDER BOTH THE *ANGOLIAN*
AND *PRUSSORIAN* LEGATIONS

WHAT'S
THAT?

DOWN THE STEPS
THEY FIND A PASSAGE
RUNNING THE LENGTH
OF THE BLOCK.



WIRE! AND NOT LEFT
BY THE *ELECTRIC*
COMPANY EITHER!



IT LEADS INTO THAT
PILE OF RUBBISH - UNDER
THE *ANGOLIAN LEGATION!*
MOVE IT, WILL YOU, GURK?



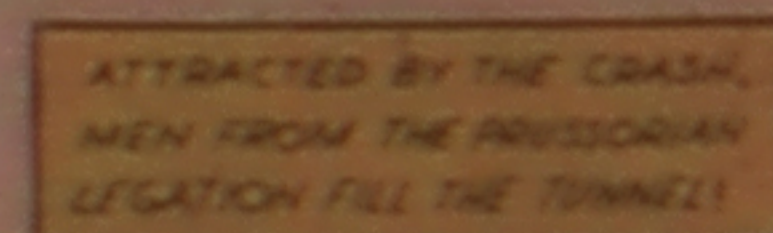
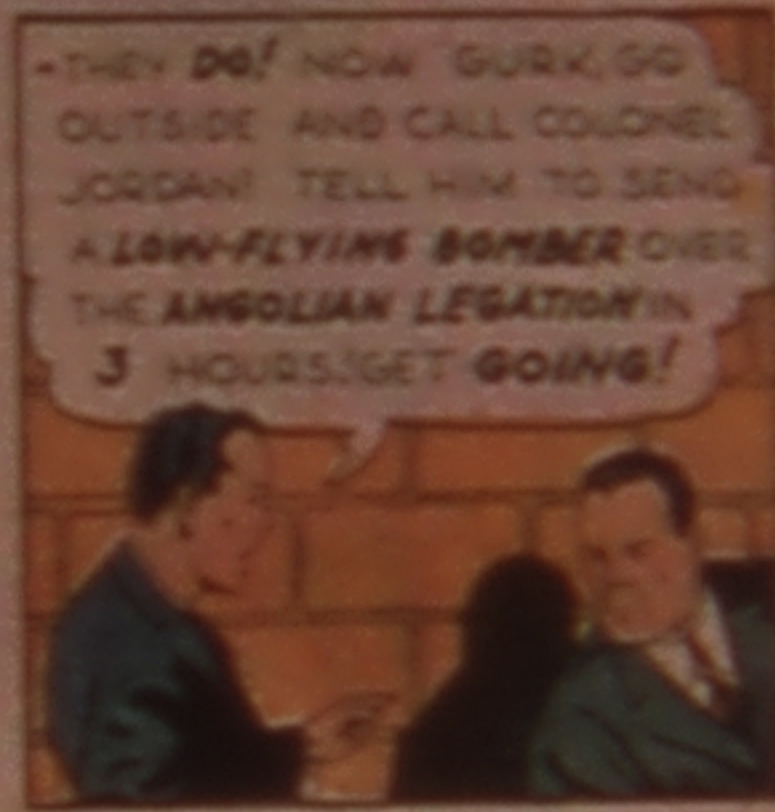
WOW! LOOK AT THAT!

JUST WHAT
I *EXPECTED* -



-A LOT OF *T.N.T!*





FOR 2 HOURS BRUCE AND GURK STRUGGLE - THEN -

GURK! MY ROPES ARE ~~BEING~~ A LITTLE!

WHEW!
THAT'S GOOD
NEWS!

THERE COMES THE SOUND
BRUCE HAD ANTICIPATED IN DREAD -
THE DRONE OF A PLANE'S MOTOR

DUCK, GURK! QUICK!

A RENDING EXPLOSION, AND
BRUCE AND GURK LOSE
CONSCIOUSNESS

WOW! WHAT A BLAST!
WONDER WHAT CUT
LOOSE?

BOOM

WHILE FROM
THE BOMBER

AN HOUR LATER -

CAPN, YOU
STILL ALIVE?

YES! SAY,
THAT BLAST
JUST ABOUT
~~BLEW~~ THE
ROPES
OFF ME!

FREED, BRUCE AND GURK
LEAVE THE HOUSE.

I IMAGINE COLONEL JORDAN
IS ~~BYING~~ OF CURIOSITY BY
NOW!

SAY - IT WAS THE PRUSSORIAN
LEGATION THAT ~~BLEW UP!~~

OF COURSE!

COLONEL, AFTER I FOUND THE
TNT AND OUR AERIAL BOMB
UNDER THE ANGOLIAN EMBASSY
THE WHOLE PLOT WAS CLEAR.
AS SOON AS ONE OF OUR
BOMBERS FLEW NEAR ENOUGH
THE PRUSSORIANS WOULD
BLOW UP THE
ANGOLIAN EMBASSY
AND WE WOULD
BE BLAMED
FOR IT.

BUT BRUCE, WHAT ~~HAPPENED?~~

YOU MIGHT CALL IT
ASSISTED POETIC
JUSTICE!

YOU SEE, I MOVED THE TNT
INTO A LITTLE *PASSAGE*
UNDER THE PRUSSORIAN
LEGATION! IF I WAS ~~WRONG~~
NO ONE WOULD BE HURT.
IF I WAS *RIGHT*, THE
BLAST WOULD GO OFF
WHERE IT WOULD DO THE
MOST GOOD!

AND HOW
RIGHT YOU
WERE!

SAMAR

by
John
Charles

WAR COMES TO A PEACEFUL JUNGLE...
BUT SAMAR IS WILLING AND ABLE
TO FIGHT ON THE DEFENSIVE.



PEACE AND QUIET REIGNS OVER
THE JUNGLE. SAMAR DOZES
ON A COMFORTABLE LIMB.



WHEN SUDDENLY A HOST OF
SCREECHING ANIMALS SCURRY
UNDER HIS TREE.



WHAT WHAT?
THAT'S THAT ROARING
FORE! NO ANIMAL
I KNOW...



TWO WAR PLANE ARE ENGAGED IN A
FURIOUS DOG FIGHT.



THE EXPLOSION
CRASHES THE
BIRDS DOGGIES
OFF.



THAT PLANE WILL
START A FODDER FIRE!
I MUST STOP
IT!



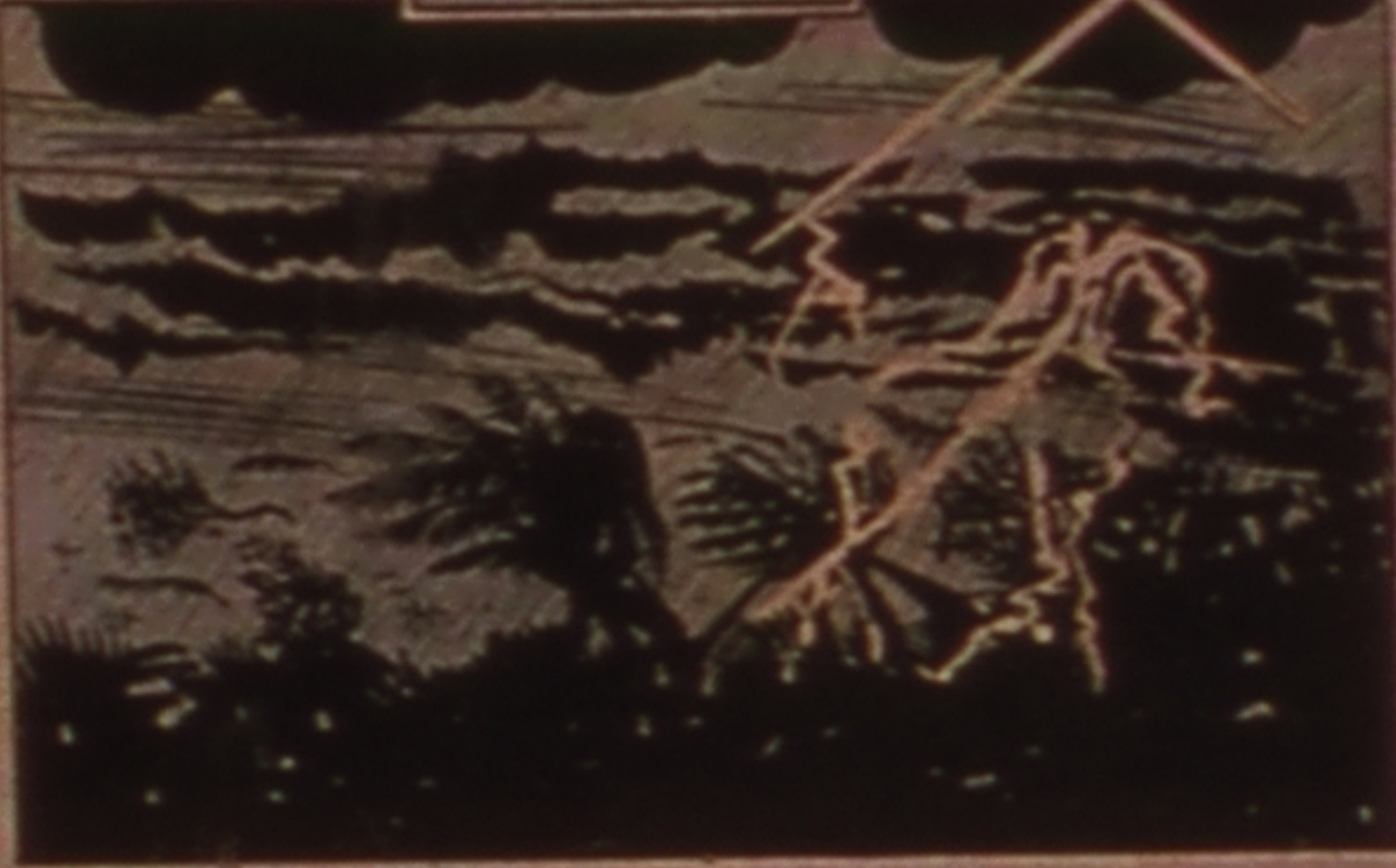


SO SAMAR STARTS AT ONCE UPON HIS URGENT MISSION.

FOR A DAY HE SWINGS EASILY
THROUGH THE TREES AND VINES.
WHEN



A VIOLENT JUNGLE STORM BLOWS UP. HEAVY WINDS SHAKE
THE TREES, WHILE JAGGED STREAMS OF LIGHTNING FLARE
THROUGH THE SKY.



A BOLT STRIKES THE TREE
WHERE SAMAR HAS SOUGHT
SHELTER. HE FALLS BEFORE
THE PLUNGING GIANT.



AND IS PINNED UNCONSCIOUS
BENEATH THE UPROOTED TREE
THROUGHOUT THE STORMY
NIGHT. SAMAR LIES THERE.



WHEN DAWN COMES THE
JUNGLE IS CALM. ONLY WIDE
DESTRUCTION PROVES THAT
THERE WAS A STORM...



HAVING RECOVERED FROM HIS
SHOCK, SAMAR HEARS A
NATIVE VILLAGE.



"I'LL NEED IMMEDIATE AID!
IT'S TOO LATE TO
REACH THE
POST!"

CALL THE TRIBES AT ONCE!
THEIR LIVES ARE IN
DANGER TOO!



THE JUNGLE TELEGRAPH
BRINGS IMMEDIATE
RESULTS. SAMAR
STARTS THE TREK
TO BULOBO.



"WE HAVE ARMY POST...
YOU STAY ON SIDES
OF RAILROAD TRACKS
AND SHOOT ARROWS
AT AIRPLANES!
AS THEY DIVE AT....."

AN ENEMY BOMBER IS ABOUT TO
DIVE UPON ITS OBJECTIVE WHEN
SAMAH ARRIVES.



FORCED TO DIVE LOW TO RELEASE
ITS BOMB CARGO, THE SHIP
RECEIVES A HAIL OF ARROWS.



ARROWS JAM THE PROPELLER,
THE MOTOR BREAKS AND
STALLS, AND THE PLANE
CRASHES. ANOTHER
FOLLOWS IT IN FOOTSTEPS.



THE SECOND SHIP DIVES LOW,
AGAIN A HAIL OF ARROWS
DOES ITS DEADLY WORK.



WITH BOTH PLANES DESTROYED,
SAMAH RACES TO THE
COMMANDER'S QUARTERS.



IMMEDIATELY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS
ROLL OUT TO THEIR
POSITIONS.



MORE DIVE BOMBERS COME,
STILL THEY ARE HINDERED
BY SAVAGE ARROWS.



BUT NOW THE POWERFUL
GUNS COME INTO PLAY.



ADVANCING WAVES OF BOMBERS
ARE HEAVILY SHELLED.



CEASE FIRING!
THE ATTACK IS
DISPERSED. THE
PLANES HAVE
LEFT!



SAMAR DOES NOT STAY TO
SEE THE SUCCESSFUL
DEFENSE OF BULOBO.
INSTEAD...

I'LL GO HOME!
IT'S QUIETER
THERE.



NOT MUCH FURTHER
TO GO. HOPE MY TREE
WASN'T RUINED IN
THE STORM!



AT BULOBO THE DISTRICT
SUPERINTENDENT ARRIVES
WITH FRESH TROOPS.

I SEE, LIEUTENANT.
THAT YOU NEED NO
FURTHER AID!



I MUST
CONGRAT-
ULATE
YOU!

OH, NO, SIR!
I DID NOTHING.
NOTHING AT
ALL. IT WAS
SAMAR...



NOW TO CATCH UP ON
INTERRUPTED SLEEP.
AH, MY BED IS
STILL INTACT!



THIS IS WONDERFUL...
GOSH, I'M LUCKY TO
BE HERE. IT'S SO
PEACEFUL... NO
HUM!



Y'KNOW, THOSE POOR
DEVILS FIGHTING NOW
WOULD LOVE TO BE
IN MY PLACE. TOO
BAD THEY CAN'T LEARN
TO LIVE LIKE THIS...
I WONDER...



REYNOLDS

OF THE MOUNTED

ART DINAVIAN

HOWDY FOLKS! I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF SERGEANT REYNOLDS - USED TO BE GUIDE ON MOST OF HIS TRIPS.....WE SURE HAD EXCITIN' TIMES! LATELY I'VE SETTLED DOWN TO RUNNIN' THIS TRADIN' POST.....PEOPLE JUST CALL ME OLD TIMER.....

YOU'VE BEEN FOLLWIN' THE SERGEANT'S CASES IN THIS MAGAZINE, BUT I WONDER O'YAKNOW THE STORY OF HOW HE CAME TO JOIN THE MOUNTIES!

IT'S A STORY FULL OF ACTION AND SUSPENSE! SO I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT!

IT ALL STARTED YEARS AGO BACK IN THE STATES WHERE JIM LIVED ON A SMALL RANCH!.....

BOTH O' JIM'S PARENTS WERE DEAD AN' HE RAN THE RANCH.....

SOMETHING'S UP! HERE COMES PINKY RUNNING LIKE FURY!

JIM! A LETTER FROM UP NORTH!

JIM READ THE LETTER WITH EAGERNESS.....

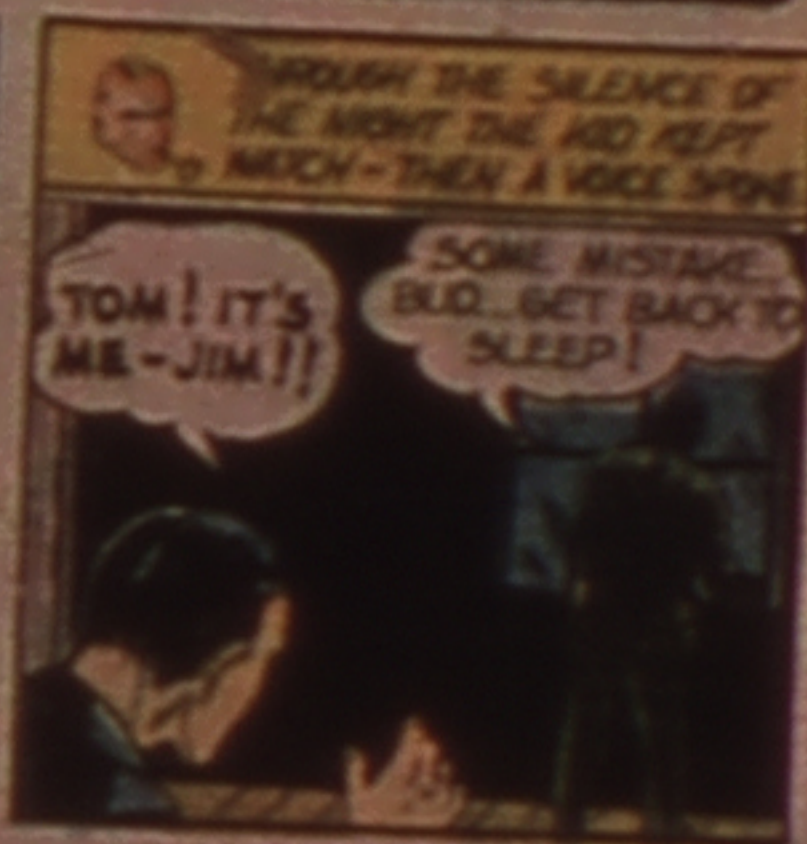
I'M LEAVING FOR THE YUKON, PINKY...THERE'S A CHANCE OF FINDING TOM!

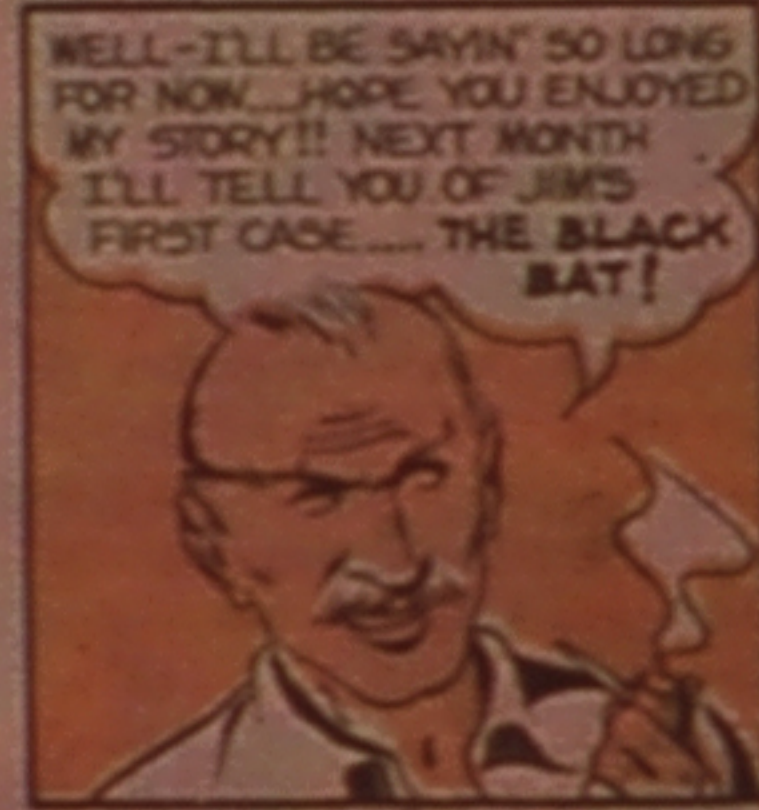
GOOD LUCK, JIM!

A WEEK LATER JIM WAS ON BOARD THE RIVER BOAT AS IT NEARED LITTLE LANDING, A TOWN IN THE YUKON.

after talking with several trappers in that part, there seems to be a fellow answering the description of your brother Tom - I'll be waiting for you at Little Landing. Yours, Budgie Deel







EPIC in BRONZE

BY ROBERT M. HYATT



"Get a story. Get some kind of yarn, for the love of Mike!"

Perry Scott, sauntering through Gramercy Park that rather balmy morning, remembered the words of his editor, and grinned. Old Hudkins was a stickler for keeping his leg-men on the hop. Oh, well—

Perry was doing a hitch at cub reporting "between cruises" as it were, and as such he should be able to take it as well as the other reporters. He would get a story!

He approached a park bench upon which sat a—no, it wasn't a blond; it was a neat little old lady with silvery hair and a shawl about her shoulders that had sparkly glints in it—like Gran'ma used to wear. He strolled around the end of the bench and the little old lady smiled a greeting to him.

"Won't you sit down, young man? It's such a beautiful morning."

Perry snatched off his hat and sat down on the other end of the bench. He always felt sort of uneasy in the presence of nice old ladies. It was because he wasn't accustomed to their company. Most of his life had been spent aboard ships far out at sea. But a reporter . . .

"Spring!" said the little old lady with that very quality in her voice. "It's in the air; in the song of birds. It always reminds me of another spring morning many years ago. I was young then, a silly little girl. And he too was young, and so noble—"

The little old lady paused and

her gaze swept across the lake longingly.

Perry followed her glance and saw, on the other side of the small body of water, a kindly old gentleman standing on a flower-bordered walk.

"He?" he said. The old lady nodded, her eyes misty.

"Why don't you tell me about it, Gran'ma," invited Perry. He knew that the little old lady wanted to talk. It would do her good, he felt.

She did. And how!

It was the last year of the War (she began) and my father had just come home from Richmond, wounded. The Yanks had gone through the land, burning and destroying everything. They had left us our house, but that was about all. Our crops were ruined. Dad hated the Yanks and spent a lot of his time cursing them. I was too young then to realize things.

One night a company of horsemen approached our house at a fast gallop and halted outside. Then there was a loud pounding on the door. Mother slid the bar out and opened it. Three men in the uniforms of the North came in.

"Colonel Stewart," said one of them, "we have reason to believe that you are hiding a spy in this house. Will you produce him now, or shall we be forced to search the premises?"

My father was standing, one hand grasping the back of a chair for support, the other holding a pistol. He was furious.

"No blankety Yank is going

to search my house!" he cried. "Get out, or I'll shoot you where you stand!"

One of the soldiers leaped forward and knocked the pistol out of Father's hand.

"Take it easy, Colonel," he warned. "We don't want any trouble with you, but if you prefer—"

"It's all right, Colonel Stewart." The voice came from the other side of the room. A tall youth, very pale and staggering from a wound, entered the room. It was Henry Landis. He smiled wanly as he came up to



Father and the Yanks. Then he held out his hand. "The fortunes of war, Colonel. Thank you. You have done your best. Tell little Carey good-bye." Then he was gone, in the custody of the Yankees.

"Little Carey." That was I. They thought I was sleeping in my bed, but I was stretched on the top step, listening. And now they had taken Henry. I knew the fate of spies! He'd be shot—Heng! I fell to sleep at last, sobbing.

The next day I was out at the highroad picking flowers for my brother's grave. He had died the first year of the war. His grave was on a hill a half mile from our house. I was bent over picking the bouquet I put on his grave every day, when a voice behind me said:

"Little lady."

I turned quickly. Then my

throat grew tight. It was a Yank! He stood there with his head bared. That was funny, I thought, a Yank with his head bared in the presence of a lady. And there were tears in his eyes.

"Little lady," he repeated in a slow, tired voice, "will you give me one of your bright flowers?"

My anger flared. He was a Yank! They had taken my Henry. Perhaps his blood was already on this man's hands!

The tall man in the Northern uniform looked off across our desolate fields and shook his head sadly. "The folly of war," he said sorrowfully, "Brother hating brother, and for what! May God will that it cease soon." His words came as if he were not conscious of them. Then he looked down at me and smiled. Some of the hate must've shown in my eyes, which were brimming.

"Henry," I got out. "Where is he?"

"Henry?" said the stranger. "And pray, who can Henry be, little lady?"

I told him, chokingly. He reached down and patted my head.

"Little lady, I'll make you a bargain. You give me one of those bright flowers and I'll see that your Henry comes back to you."

I held the flower out quickly. He took it and placed it reverently in a little black book. Then he turned, got on his horse, and cantered up the high-road with his company. He turned at the bend of the road and waved to me.

Henry came back to us the next day. He was none the worse for his experience, but he cursed the Yanks just as my

father had done. And somehow, now, this seemed like sacrilege to me. They were cursing the man who had saved Henry's life! It didn't seem right. When Henry was strong enough, he went off on another spying mission.

I picked the flowers for my brother's grave each day, and unconsciously looked for the tall stranger to return. He never did. I wondered who he might be. Certainly he was not like we had been told. Yankees were



like. He was a gentleman. But I never said so around my father.

There were more engagements to the north of our plantation, but the fighting was slowing down. At night, fires would glow in the skies to the north and east of us, but the soldiers never came to our place again. A sort of unaccountable loneliness came over me. Not that I missed the horrible battles and the wounded men that were often brought to our house for medical treatment. Not those things; I missed something else. I didn't know what.

Henry returned one night from the mission he had gone on just after he was released by the stranger. He was still bitter

against the Yanks, and I suppose that was natural and to be expected. But his sharp words against the Northern troops fell like blows upon my heart. I began crying. Henry put his arm about me and shook me.

"What's the matter, Perry?" he asked. "You not taking up for the dirty Yanks, are you?"

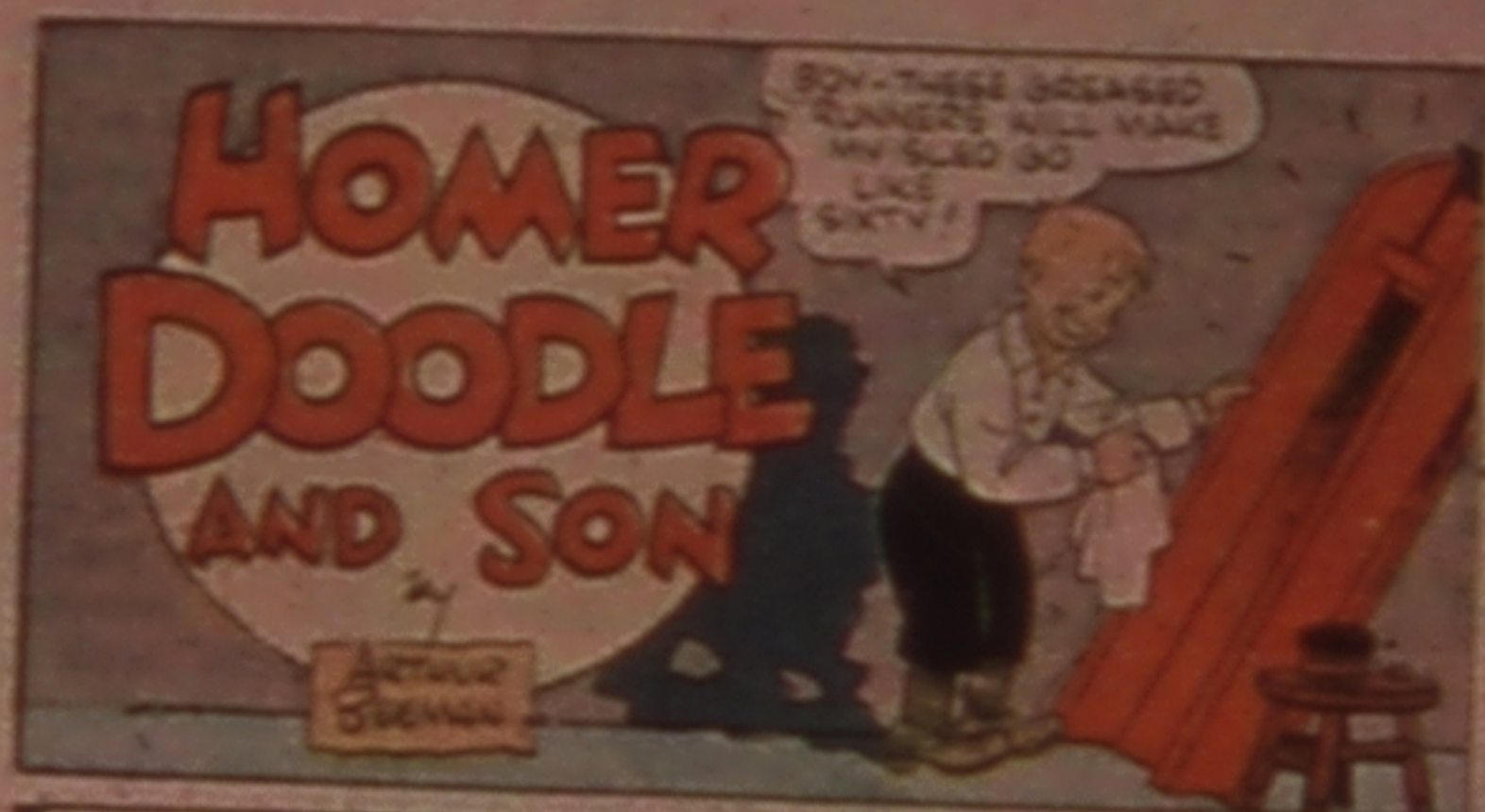
I didn't answer. I remembered one "dirty Yank" with a slow, tired voice. I remembered his words: "The folly of war. Brother hating brother, and for what! May God will that it ceases soon." God had willed so. The War was drawing to a close. I felt that the kindly stranger had had a big part in the cessation of hostilities. I even prayed for him each night, along with my parents and Henry. I never told them so, however.

At last the Northern troops were leaving the South. I was at the depot when the long troop train pulled out. I ran along the platform, looking for a face. Then suddenly I saw him. He stuck his head out of the coach window and smiled that solemn smile that had so much sadness in it. And he waved his hand, see—just like he is now!

Perry realized suddenly that the little old lady had ceased talking and it was twilight and the birds had stopped singing. But there was a song in his heart. He looked across the lake to where the old gentleman stood. But he was gone now—all but his bronze hand.

Perry rushed toward his newspaper headquarters. He had a story—and how! A beautiful story. Why hadn't he thought of it before? That old gentleman in bronze—the 12th of February . . . tomorrow was the 12th!

Read **JUNGLE DEVIL**
A PERRY SCOTT THRILLER
IN THE APRIL ISSUE OF
Feature Comics
ON SALE FEBRUARY 26TH





RUSTY KEHAN



TO BOY I WILL GET



THE GAME WARDEN TOLD ME THE WOODS WERE FULL OF DEER THIS YEAR, SMILEY. WE SHOULD GET GOOD PICTURES

LUCKY FOR US THAT IT'SN'T HUNTING SEASON. SOMEONE MIGHT TAKE A POT-SHOT AT US BY MISTAKE



OOF... HANG THOSE ROOTS! I'M ALWAYS TRIPPING OVER 'EM!



A SPLIT SECOND LATER... THE CRACK OF A RIFLE RINGS OUT.

WOW!



BOY! THAT GUY NEARLY GOT US!



SMILEY, THAT WASN'T A ROOT I TRIPPED OVER, IT WAS A ROPE

A GAME TRAP!



HOOKED UP TO THIS ILLEGAL TRAP GUN!

AND IT ISN'T EVEN HUNTING SEASON!



LISTEN... SOMEONE'S COMING!



CHON! GET OUT OF HERE!

NO UP THIS TREE... FAST!





H'YA! HOW'S HUNTIN'?

ROTTEN! BEAT IT, KID!



I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM! HEY, ISN'T THAT A GAME SNARE YOU HAVE SET UP THERE?

THAT'S WHAT YOU TWO ARE DOING! IT'S AGAINST THE LAW, AND I'M GONNA RUN AN' TELL THE GAME WARDEN!



LOOKIT TH' BRAT GO!

WHAT'DNA WAITIN' FOR, GET AFTER HIM!



SWELL! ONE OF THEM IS FOLLOWING ME!



OKAY, SMILEY!



WHERE IN HECK DID HE GO?



HERE HE COMES!



SMILEY SPRINGS THE SNARE ROPE.



AND ZING! THE HUNTER IS SWERT FROM HIS FEET.

OWWWW



WELL! HOW D'YOU LIKE IT, MISTER SNARE TRAPPER? NOT SO NICE, EHP?



LITTLE DO THE BOYS REALIZE THAT THE SECOND MAN IS BEARING DOWN ON THEM...



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

THIS NEW VEGETABLE
STORE MAN MUST BE
A DOPE TLEAVE A BAR-
REL OF APPLES OUT-
SIDE LIKE THIS!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

I AIN'T SEEN
YOUR UNCLE
PHIL FOR A
WEEK, MICKEY.
IS HE
SICK?



NO, TOM, HE
WENT UP TO
MILLER'S
CAMP TGO
HUNTIN'!

YOU'D BETTER
HAVE INDIAN
JOE GO WITH
YOU, PHIL. HE'S
A CRACK SHOT!



DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME,
MILLER. I
CAN SPLIT
A HAIR AT
A HUNDRED
YARDS!



UGH... FALL
BREAKUM
NECK!



AND YOU
BROUGHT
IM DOWN
WITH ONE
BULLET.
EH, PHIL?

OH YES! TWO
WOULD HAVE
SPOILT
TH' HIDE!

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

IS YOUR MOTHER
GOING TO LET
YOU KEEP THE
CAT YOU
FOUND, NIPPIE?

SURE!
AND I
NAMED
HIM
TOMMY.

THERE HE IS!
HERE TOMMY...
TOMMY...TOMMY!

?

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO YOUR UNCLE
PHIL AND
HOULIHAN ARE
GONNA TALK
OVER THE RADIO
TONIGHT, EH,
MICKEY?

YEAH, AND ON
THE GOOD
FEELING
HOUR...THEY
WANT TO
SETTLE AN
ARGUMENT

BOY! THIS
IS GONNA
BE
GOOD!

THE NEXT CASE
IS PHILIP FINN
VERSUS JEREMIAH
HOULIHAN. STAND
CLOSE TO THE
MICROPHONE,
GENTLEMEN!

NOW YOU
ARE ON THE
AIR GENTLE-
MEN, SO
DON'T LOSE
YOUR
TEMPERS!

DON'T
WORRY.
WE'RE
LEVEL-
HEADED!

SURE,
WE'RE
NOT
HOOD-
LUMS!

ALL RIGHT,
MR. FINN...
WE'LL HEAR
YOUR STORY
FIRST!

TEN YEARS
AGO I BORROW-
ED FIVE DOLLARS
FROM HOULIHAN.
HE SAYS I
STILL OWE IT
TO HIM BUT I
DON'T, FOR THREE
REASONS!

IN THE FIRST PLACE,
HE DON'T NEED THE
FIVE BUCKS...HE'S GOT
TEN TIMES AS MUCH
MONEY AS I
HAVE!

IN THE SECOND PLACE, HE
WOULDN'T HAVE ALL HE'S
GOT IF I HADN'T INTRO-
DUCED HIM TO ALL MY
FRIENDS!

IN THE THIRD PLACE HE
WON THE TEN DOLLARS
BACK ONCE IN A POKER
GAME...IN WHICH I SAY HE
HAD MARKED THE CARDS!
FURTHERMORE...

OUR TIME
IS
ALMOST
UP, MR.
FINN!

VERY WELL!
I REST
MY
CASE!

YOU WON'T
HAVE TO SPEAK,
MR. HOULIHAN.
MR. FINN STILL
OWES YOU
THE TEN
DOLLARS!

I KNOW
I'LL NEVER
GET IT SO I'D
LIKE MY
FRIENDS WHO
ARE LISTENIN'
TO HEAR
THIS...

SOCK!

...AND SO WE CLOSE
ANOTHER PLEASANT
GOOD-FEELING
HOUR! CHEERIO!

?



MICKY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

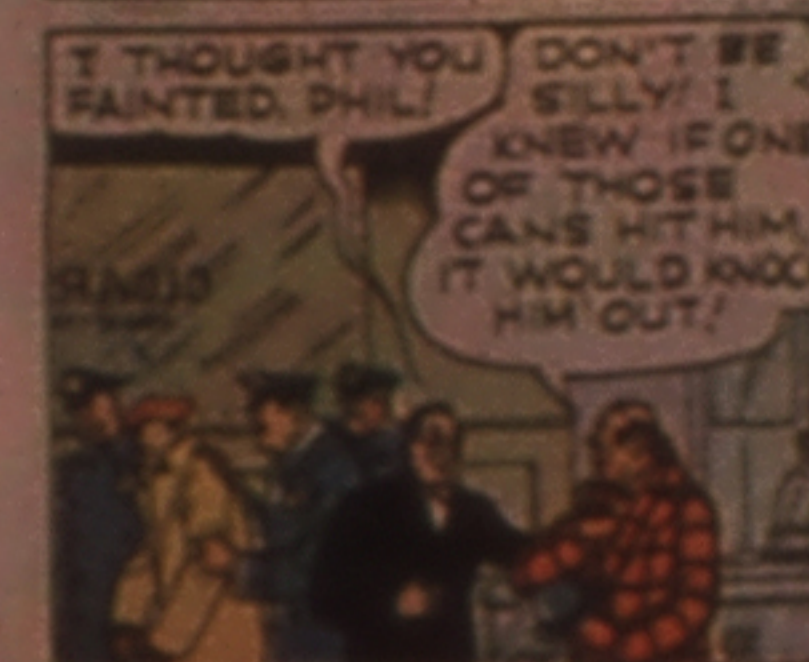


NIPPIE



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS.

SPIN SHAW

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS
by Rex Smith



ON A SMALL BRITISH EXCHANGE ISLAND IN THE CARIBBEAN, A NEW AMERICAN AIR BASE IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



WHICH HURTTLES DOWN INTO THE EXCAVATION, HITS THE STEAM SHOVEL BOILER.



AND BURSTS INTO A RAGING FIRE ENDANGERING THE HALF-FINISHED BASE.



A DRUNK, TOTTERING ABOUT CURIOUSLY, BUMPS AGAINST A GASOLINE DRUM.



QUICKLY THE MAN DODGES AROUND A CORNER.

CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS IN CHARGE OF ACTIVITIES, SEES THE INCIDENT.



THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT! HE PUSHED THE DRUM DELIBERATELY. I'LL GO AFTER HIM!



HE IS WISE! I MUST GET AWAY FROM HERE!





SO INTENT IS SPIN ON THE BUSINESS AT HAND THAT HE FAILS TO NOTICE THE ACTION BEHIND.



QUIETLY AND BRUTALLY HE IS SLUGGED ON THE SKULL...



THE BARTENDER RASPS OUT CURT ORDERS.



TAKE HIM TO OUR CELLAR... HE IS TOO CURIOUS FOR HIS OWN GOOD OR OURS EITHER!

THE BAR RESTS UPON TALL PIERS. THE CELLAR IS IN REALITY A HIDDEN SUBMARINE DOCK.



WHAT IS...?

MORE BALLAST FOR YOU, CAPTAIN.

HE IS IN CHARGE OF THE BASE CONSTRUCTION HERE... I THINK HE IS DETRIMENTAL TO OUR PLANS.



SPIN SHAW COMES TO SLOWLY... HE FOLLOWS THE CONVERSATION.



HAVE HIM ABOARD YOUR SUBMARINE... Toss him out when you sink the HECUBA.

OOOH MY HEAD!

AH HE IS COMING TO!

IT WILL LOOK LIKE ANOTHER CASUALTY LEAVE TONIGHT... GET YOUR OIL FROM THE BEER KEGS. NOW WHEN YOU REACH OUR SECOND BASE, WAIT!



OOOH!

SPIN FEELS UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

THE HECUBA IS DUE AT DAWN WHEN IT DASSES. SINK IT AND

DON'T FAIL!



LATE THAT NIGHT THE U-BOAT PULLS INTO ITS COVE... A SMALL HARBOR WELL HIDDEN FROM THE SEA LANES.



MEANWHILE SPIN DEEP
IN THE BOWELS OF
THE SUB STILL CHAFES
AT HIS BONDS...

I'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE... NO
TELLING WHAT
THEY'LL DO...
UH... I'M
LOOSE!



MAYBE IF I CAN
KNOCK OVER
THE CAP... OH!
A GUARD!



DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHERE I AM... THAT
MUST BE THE RAIDERS'
BASE... THERE ARE
TWO PLANES
THERE TOO...



I'LL JUST TAKE
THIS PLANE AND
GO AFTER THAT
U-BOAT BEFORE
IT CAN SINK
THE HECUBA...



SPIN GUNS THE MOTOR.
THE SOUND ATTRACTS
THE SUBMARINE CAPTAIN
ON THE SHORE.



WE MUST
STOP
HIM!

BUT SPIN SHAW IS
ALREADY ON HIS WAY



SEND A
SHIP
AFTER HIM,
QUICK!



HOPE THIS BIRD
HAS ITS BOMBS
ABOARD... I'LL
HAVE TO BLOW
UP THE
SUBMARINE
FIRST... THEN
WARN THE
HECUBA!



SPIN'S SHIP GOES
INTO A LOW DIVE.



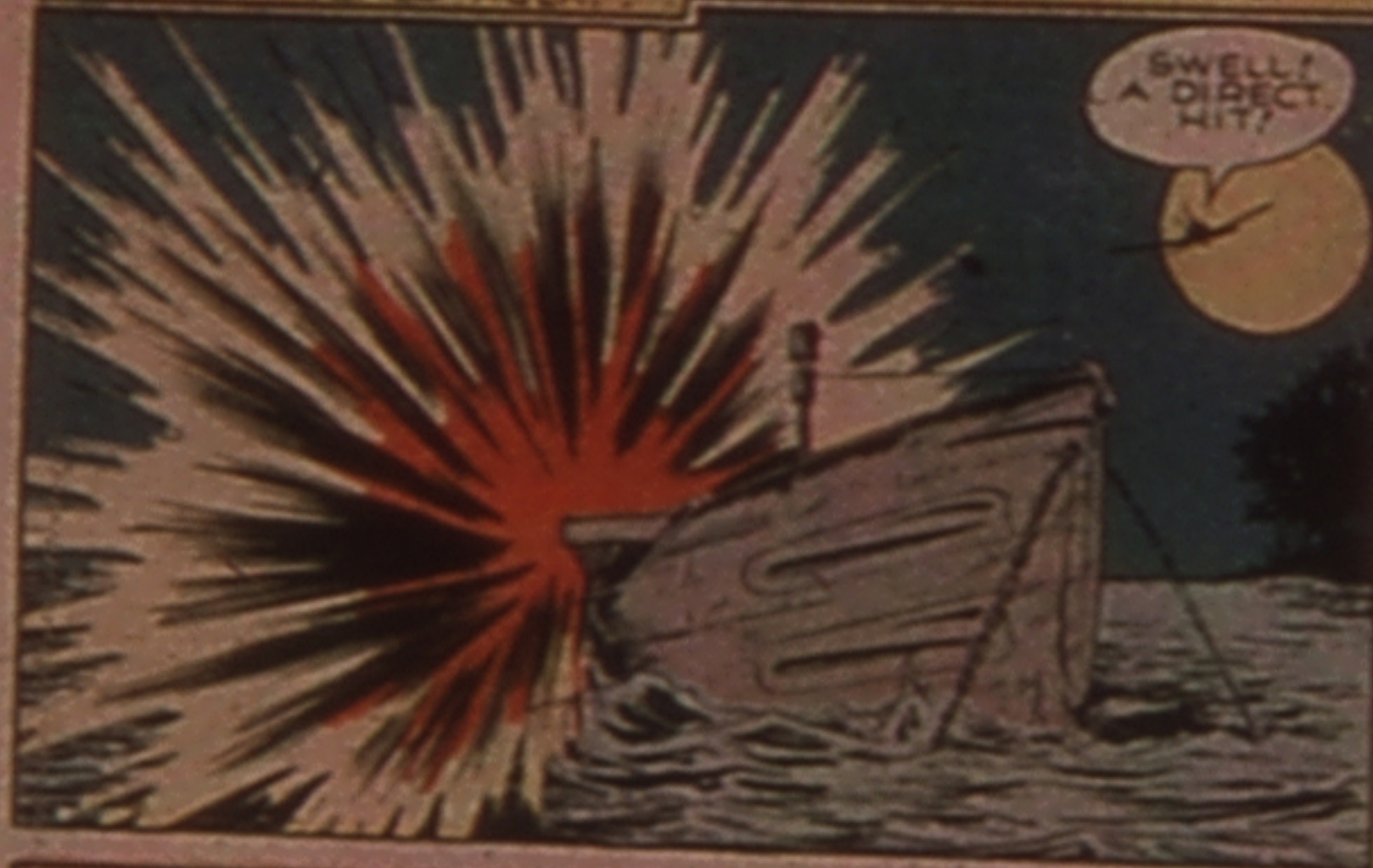
BASE GUNS ARE
ALREADY BOOMING.



BUT SPIN MANAGES TO GET
DIRECTLY ABOVE THE GREY
RAIDER.



ANOTHER MOMENT A THUNDEROUS BLAST AND THE U-BOAT IS A SHATTERED HULK.



SWELL!
A DIRECT
HIT!

NOW I CAN WIRE
MY HOME BASE...
COLONEL GRAVES,
SHAW CALLING...
COLONEL GRAVES...
SHAW CALLING...
SEND DESTROYERS
SIXTY MILES
OFF CANAL...
ENEMY BASE
THERE...
LATITUDE 17...
LONG...



SUDDENLY A PLANE DRONES
ABOVE SPIN...



OH, BOY!
HERE'S WHERE
I GET ANOTHER
RAT!



I'LL JUST
OUTMANEUVER
HIM!



IF I GET
HIM IN A
BLIND SPOT
WHERE HE
CAN'T HIT
ME...

LIKE HUGE BEES, THE PLANES
GOOSE ABOUT IN THEIR
DESPERATE CLASH...



I HIT
HIM!
GOOD!



HE MUST BE
ONLY ONE OF
A WHOLE MESS
OF SPIES
AT THAT
BASE!



AH, THERE ARE
THE DESTROYERS!
THEY'LL FINISH
THE JOB. NOW
MAYBE I CAN
GET MY AIR
BASE BUILT!

Another exciting episode of Spin Shaw in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS.

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